

THE LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CCLII.

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HYMN FOR THE HEALING OF
STRIFE.[Written on the day of the declaration
of Peace after the South African War.]

*Heroes of Hampden's race, and ye
The brave of Artevelde's blood,
Twin nations of the Northern Sea,
Come bind the bonds of brotherhood.*

O long we fought the feud of kin:
Shall pride perpetuate the score?
Who first forgive, they only win:
Let fall your arms, and fight no
more!

Each would be master, both waxed
wroth,

And hot for conquest flung the glove:
Let none seek mastery now; but both
Make haste to bind the bonds of love!

One in our faith, in freedom one,
We stand above our heroes' grave:
Shall we the reconciliation shun,—
The proffered hand that weds the
brave?

'Twas blow for blow we struck, and
you

Gave back our blows as strong men
should:

Valiant in fight, in friendship true,
Come bind the bonds of brotherhood!

Around us once the fires of Spain
Burned, but were impotent to quell:
Both grappled with the accursed chain,
Both hurled the oppressor back to
hell:

That was the strife of sons of God,
Whom woe may weld and sorrow
prove:

O keep the path our fathers trod.
And haste to bind the bonds of love!

Forgotten soon the helots' shame.
The raiders' ravine well atoned,
When Boer and Briton both acclaim
Justice by equal laws enthroned.
Manful it is for Right to stand,
But base on vanished Wrong to
brood:

Rise up and give the foe your hand!
Come bind the bonds of brotherhood!

Freedom is won, a frontier lost:
Strew flowers on every hero's grave,
Small beacons where a brave ship tost
Whose star still glitters on the wave:
Strew flowers! Let foe with foeman
wed

And build the realm for which they
strove,

Rearing to praise the deathless dead
Sweet living monuments of love.

*Scions of Wycliffe's race and ye
The heroes of Erasmus' blood,
Unite your land in liberty,
And bind the bonds of brotherhood!*
Newman Howard.

The Spectator.

A SONG OF SELF.

From this most lonely place
I watch the great world go her care-
less way;

For me,—I walk all day
As one that holds a mirror to his face,

Since all my time I stand
As I were watching how another stood,
Watching,—for grave or good,
Some self,—sole friend in this so lonely
land.

How should this strange thing be,—
That, day by day, I pass alone, and
yet

In dread and ceaseless fret
I stand to watch another self in me!
Ethel Ashton Edwards.

The Outlook.

LOVE THE TRUANT.

(From the Greek Anthology.)

Where is Love the tameless say?
For but now with wings outspread,
From my couch at break of day
Rising up, away he fled.

'Tis a lad of babbling tongue
Swift, winged, fearless, cruel, kind,
At his side a quiver slung,
And his smile betrays his mind.

Who begat him? Ask not me.
All men hate him everywhere.
Earth nor Heaven nor the Sea,
None will own him.—But beware.

Lest now, forging fetters, he—
Lo! see where his ambush lies.
Knave, you cannot hide from me
In my lady's lovely eyes!
The Speaker.

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.*

Many people are apt to identify revolution with the particular form it took in France at the end of the eighteenth century, and look for the execution of a sovereign by an infuriated people, and something more or less equivalent to the storming of the Bastille, as accompaniments, without which, to their mind, the term is hardly applicable. For this reason amongst others they fail to appreciate fully what has taken place in Russia during the last two years; and continue to discuss, from various points of view, the possibility of revolution there when, as a matter of fact, that great event is progressing rapidly, if fitfully, before their eyes to its inevitable completion. For whatever the outcome of the present crisis, the old *régime*—absolutism pure and simple—is passing, one might almost say has passed, never to return; and the change from autocracy to representative government, however limited, brought about by manifestations of violence due to the utter breakdown of Tsarism at home and abroad, does in fact connote a revolution, though the Emperor's head be still on his shoulders and the Winter Palace unsacked.

Meantime, on the eve of the election for the second Duma, the questions put by all foreigners who take an interest in Russian affairs are: What is the actual state of things? What will be the composition and fate of this new representative assembly? And, above all, what of the future? To the first of these questions an answer more or less full and accurate can be returned with no other difficulty than arises from the superabundance of

materials. The second and third tempt to predictions for which no available knowledge offers any certain base, and in regard to which even the best informed observers, if they are wise, will speak with a caution little likely to satisfy the demands of inquirers eager to know at once what time alone can show. But while abstaining from any positive statements in the dangerous region of prophecy, data may be furnished and certain opinions offered with a view to helping readers at a distance to form their own conclusions, or, at least, to follow events as they occur in Russia with intelligent appreciation.

Let us see, to begin with, what the Revolutionists are doing; what form their activity is taking; and, on the other hand, by what measures the Government is endeavoring to check their progress, re-establish order, and assure its own supremacy. That the state of the country now, compared with that obtaining at any previous period since January 1904, is quieter, more peaceful, is beyond dispute. For some time there have been no *pogroms* nor any open attempt at rebellion, no mass meetings, no strikes on a large scale. In short, social, commercial, and industrial life, taken as a whole, has to a great extent resumed its natural course. We know that the recruiting for the year has passed with little disorder, and with fewer abstentions and evasions than usual. We hear that the revenue returns far exceed the most sanguine expectations and are estimated to leave but a small deficit, if any, on the ordinary Budget; and, in

and G. O. Pope, with Introduction by Frederick Greenwood. London: D. Nutt, 1905.

* 1 "Russia in Revolution." By G. H. Perris, author of "Leo Tolstoy, the Grand Mujik," &c. London: Chapman & Hall, 1905.

2 "The Russian Empire and Czarism." By Victor Berard. Translated by G. Fox-Davies

3 "Russia." By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace K.C.I.E. 2 vols. (New and enlarged edition.) London: Cassells, 1905.

certain branches, business has never been more active and prosperous. But how far and how deep does the improvement go? To what extent is it due to the merely repressive power of the State? To what extent to reaction? And for answers to these questions let us turn first of all to the Press, which, though treated once more with considerable severity, is still allowed to publish much, both in the way of news and of opinions, that in days not long past would have involved immediate suppression of the offending organ, and brought condign punishment on editor and writer.

If we take up almost any one of the daily papers, whatever its political convictions may be, we find in large type such headings as "The Revolutionary Party," "Arrests," "Murders," "Robberies under Arms," "Executions," and rarely a day passes that there are not under each of them several items of news. From October 17, 1905, the date of the Emperor's historical manifesto, to October 17, 1906, it has been computed—we cannot guarantee the figures—that 17,000 people were killed or wounded in connection with the revolutionary movement; of these about 4,000 were Government representatives, officials, soldiers, policemen, &c.; the rest Revolutionists or chance victims; 215 people, it is said, were hanged, 314 judicially shot, 741 killed in punitive expeditions. Soldiers, including Cossacks, number 750; policemen, 452; police officers, 226; Civil servants, 123; officers, 100; gendarmes, 96; Governor-Generals, 8; Governors, 33; and police inspectors, 60. The number of bombs thrown was 244; there were more than 2,600 cases of robbery under arms and 1,500 of agrarian disorders; 23,000 people were arrested, and 118 depots of arms and 183 secret printing presses seized.

Since then we have had the attempt on General Reinbot, Chief of Police, at

Moscow; on General Rennenkampf at Irkutsk—both on October 30 (o.s.); the assassination of General Polkovnikoff, commanding the garrison at Poltava on November 4; the attempt on General Goloshtchapoff, ex-Governor-General of Ellzavetpol, at Tiflis, on November 8; the murder of Preestaff Sheremetieff in St. Petersburg, November 22; of Count Ignatieff at Tver on December 23; and, as stated, numberless other murders, attempted murders, robberies, &c.; while, owing to the establishment of field courts-martial, the list of executions has been exceptionally heavy.¹ For since the Government, finding that it could still rely on the army and the police, recovered its courage, stern repression has been the order of the day, and people are shot or hanged right and left, not only for any act that can possibly be construed as overt rebellion, but for mere attempts at armed robbery, even unattended by bloodshed. If we turn to other statistics we find it stated, and this time officially, that during the twelve months ending November 1, 1906, over 30,000 persons were dealt with administratively—that is, fined, imprisoned, or exiled without any semblance of a trial, without any real opportunity of proving their innocence. It may well be asked, How can all this be, when the Emperor's manifesto of October 17 (30), 1905, proclaimed thenceforth a reign of law and liberty—liberty of the Press and of conscience, inviolability of the person, the right of public meeting and of association? The answer is that all this is done under cover of various "exceptional states"—the state of war, the state of siege, the state of extraordinary protection, and the state of increased protection, which together embrace a large part of the empire and are still being extended. Thus, Cronstadt, early in November, was declared

¹ During August, September, October, 465 men were shot or hanged.

a Governor-Generalship, and put on a war footing instead of in a state of siege; the state of extraordinary protection was applied to Yalta, town and district; that of increased protection was prolonged for a year in the provinces of Penza and Koursk, and extended to the province of Samara. The Imperial manifesto of August 11, 1904—a year before the granting of a Constitution—abolished corporal punishment where it still existed—i.e. in the army, the navy, and amongst the peasants, whether Russian or alien. Yet in the middle of November 1906 we read that General Meller-Zakomelski, the new Governor-General of the Baltic Provinces, has abolished the corporal punishment hitherto administered by the "punitive" expeditions. Comment, surely, is needless. Now, this arbitrary, extra-legal procedure, by "administrative order" or otherwise, calls for special attention, for it has always existed in Russia alongside the established law of the land, and has been, with a few notable exceptions, such as the trial of the regicides in 1881, the rule in all political cases since the abortive trial of Vera Zasoolitch in 1878, for the attempted assassination of General Trepoff. It cannot be gainsaid that this abominable system is responsible to a vast extent for the exasperation that has culminated in the present crisis. As Joubert pointed out long ago, the natural demand of man is not liberty but justice, and it is only when justice is denied that liberty assumes in his eyes the position of supreme importance. The Russian Socialists—or a large section of them—avowedly turned the current of their activity to political channels only because they found by experience that political revolution was the indispensable preliminary to the success of their social and economical propaganda. Hence their partial alliance with the Radicals, whose political aspirations

and Ideals they despise, save only as a means to quite other ends.

It is a mere truism, of course, that no man can safely be trusted unchecked with arbitrary power—witness recent experience in Africa, where representatives of the most civilized Powers (England, Germany, Belgium) have proved it over and over again. What, then, can be expected of comparatively barbarous Russia? The secret history of "justice" by administrative order will never see the light in its entirety, for the records must necessarily fail; but enough is known to make us shudder at the hideous cruelty of a system that puts the liberty, the lives, the honor of thousands of men and women in the hands of their fellow-creatures in circumstances that tempt them continually to the abuse, whether to serve public aims or gratify private passions, of the power thus wickedly conferred. How pitiable it is to recall the humane wish of Alexander II., expressed on granting the judicial reforms of 1864. "My desire," said he, "is to establish a justice that shall be swift, righteous, merciful, and equal to all!" Had that wish been fulfilled, it can be no exaggeration to say that Russian history would read very differently, and if, fourteen months ago even, Nicholas II. had given justice such as this, instead of only promising it once again, the wild struggle for liberty that has since shaken the fabric of the Empire to its foundations would not have taken place; or, at worst, would have assumed a much milder form. It is lamentable that not one of the many counsellors who in turn have swayed the Emperor's mind had the sense and courage to urge so obvious, so righteous a means of conciliating public opinion; or, possessing these qualities—of which however, there is no hint—lacked the persuasive power to ensure its acceptance.

It is evident from the above that the

improvement claimed by the Government and its adherents is at best only comparative; that lawlessness still prevails; that the spirit of revolt is by no means quelled. On the other hand there are very definite signs, and even proofs, of reaction in certain directions; while in others, more doubtfully, its existence is eagerly claimed by the Government and the Right. Reaction, indeed, amongst those of naturally Conservative tendencies who were led away by enthusiasm at the first cry of "liberty," but have since taken fright at the red spectre they helped to evoke, is so natural as to need no confirmation. We know that it could not be otherwise.

Such bloody deeds as the murder of the Grand Duke Serge, of M. Plehve, of General Minn—the individual assassination, that is, of highly unpopular men—met with general approval, and doubtless drew many to the ranks of the revolutionary parties. Rightly or wrongly, it was held that they deserved their fate. The assassins, however misguided, displayed a heroism and self-devotion worthy in itself of the highest praise, and no one suffered but the appointed victim. But terrorist acts such as the throwing of bombs in crowded streets, on the railways, at M. Stoleepin's residence, in many cases with only robbery in view and quite regardless of how many innocent people—men, women and children—might suffer, have, coupled with the alarming increase of mere hooliganism, had the opposite effect, driving back hundreds and thousands to the Conservative, or at least to the mildly Liberal fold. Such recusants belong mostly to the *bourgeoisie*—the shopkeepers, clerks, petty employees, &c., who in Russia, however, are far fewer in number, proportionately to the total population, than in any other civilized country—but they include, too, a goodly contingent of representatives of the higher

social classes. Equally naturally, the landed proprietors, alarmed at the inclusion of expropriation in the programme even of the more moderate Left, have repented by no means leisurely of the Liberal attitude they assumed in such haste. It is admitted by the organs of the anti-Government parties that the Zemstvos have gone over to the Right, and partly even to the Extreme Right. The admission, indeed, was made already on November 6 last, on the second anniversary, that is, of the famous Zemstvo Session of 1904, when the demand for a Constitution was first publicly formulated. Loyal addresses are now the order of the day, and the Zemstvos recently set about the expulsion from their ranks of all former members of the Dooma who had shown themselves partisans of the Left, or simply unsound on the question of land; the process being carried out, according to a writer in the "Tovarishtch," in the most systematic and ruthless manner. The nobility of Toola, for example, excluded M. Mooromtseff, late President of the Dooma, and when another of their members, M. Levitsky, protested, applied to him the same drastic treatment.² In the so-called "frontier" provinces no such exclusion was necessary or possible, for the simple reason that no such democratic elements existed—in the Zemstvos, that is—a fact due to the totally different conditions there obtaining; landowner and peasant being of different nationality. This local peculiarity gives the former a great advantage, for, being thus sharply divided from the peasant by race as well as by class, there is no question for him of compromise, and no complication of issues can arise. Thus in the Baltic Provinces the German Baron, formerly the *bête noire* of

² Prince Dolgoroukoff was in like manner expelled by the nobility of Kursk on the demand of Count Dorrer.

the Russian Chauvinist, finds nowadays his best friends in the Russian authorities, his zealous protector in the Russian commander of some "punitive expedition." And so the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. The Teutonic knights and their descendants lorded it over the Lettish and Esthonian peasantry from the first year of the thirteenth century until quite recently, and all the time the Church, both before and after the Lutheran Reformation, was likewise wholly in the hands of the Germans. It was a favorite policy of the Muscovite party during the last reign to egg on the peasant of the three provinces against his alien landlord and alien pastor, and favor him in every way possible at their expense. It was their hope, if the pun may be forgiven, that, in case of German invasion, every Lett would prove a hindrance. An Orthodox propaganda was inaugurated by M. Pobledonostseff, who realized fully the prime importance of religion in cases of the kind. Nor had he far to seek for the aptest of illustrations. The Finns of Finland proper were converted to Christianity by the Swedes, and in due time adopted Lutheranism. Their own brothers of the regions to the north of Moscow were Christianized by the Orthodox Church. The former have proved themselves absolutely impervious to Russian influences; the latter have been, or are being, Russianized; slowly, indeed, but surely and completely, as any one who has travelled in the provinces of Novgorod and Olónetz can hardly have failed to observe. It cannot be said that the above-mentioned efforts of Russia in the Baltic Provinces met with much success, for the inhabitants are a stiff-necked generation, and, cordially as they hated their former masters, they had no mind to abandon their faith, or change one yoke for another. And now, if the Baltic nobility have any

sense of humor, they must be hugely tickled by the turn of affairs. Their castles—such of them as are not burnt—are garrisoned by Russian soldiers; they and the Lutheran pastors protected by them against the insurgent peasants, who are being "repressed" in most merciless fashion by their quondam friends and would-be converters! Whatever happens, it will be long indeed before Lett, Livonian, or Esthonian recalls the anathema he now breathes against Russian and German alike.

It seems, then, that the reaction so far affects mainly two classes only, the *bourgeoisie* and the larger landed proprietors, both of which are naturally Conservative. Their defection, therefore, can hardly be looked upon as seriously altering the situation. It weakens to an unknown extent the Kadets, but can make little difference to the Extremists, who despise the one class as much as they hate the other. And it is doubtful to what extent the "Liberal" Government of M. Stoleepin, standing as it does in "splendid isolation"—the butt of all parties and the friend of none—will benefit by the change. In any case the Government is not so foolish as to rely upon it for success in the electoral campaign, and this brings us to the measures taken by the Premier—in spite of his declaration that the Government is outside all parties and that the elections will be allowed to proceed according to law—to secure, if possible, a preponderating "Right" in the new Dooma and to propitiate the great mass of the people.

In accordance with the Fundamental Laws promulgated at the time that the first Dooma was summoned, no new legislation can take place without the consent of that body, and as M. Stoleepin poses as a strictly Constitutional Minister it is impossible for him to contravene so elementary a principle of Constitution-

alism, even were the Emperor willing to go back on his word. But the Electoral Law, as read and acted upon last year, resulted, as we know, in the return of a large majority of most undesirable persons — Constitutional Democrats, Labor representatives, Social Democrats, and worse. The new Duma must, if possible, be very differently constituted. The anti-Governmental Left must be reduced to more modest dimensions; the Right must, if possible, secure a preponderance of voting power. Yet the law—M. Stoleepin professes a mighty respect for the law—must be observed. The problem, on the face of it, looks difficult enough, but the Ministry, with that ingenuity which in Russia so often takes the place of statesmanship, solved it at the first attempt in a simple and, as it believed, most efficacious manner. Amongst the paraphernalia of Government in Russia there exists a Senate, whose main function is that of a Court of Cassation, but which also acts as interpreter of the law to the nation. It occurred, or was suggested, to M. Stoleepin that here was a way out of the difficulty. The Senate was set to work to "interpret" the Electoral Law, and with highly gratifying results. A series of "Explanations," dated October 20, 1906, with later additions, deprived by a few strokes of the pen whole classes and categories of the population of their suffrage, and needless to say almost entirely to the detriment of the Left. Thus the peasants who had acquired land through the intermediary of the Peasants' Bank, whether as members of the commune or as individual owners, were declared incompetent to vote as district landed proprietors. They are put on a level with the ordinary members of the village commune, and can therefore only vote at the village meetings instead of both there and at the land-owners' district assemblies, as last

year. The effect of this in reality is to rob their vote of all significance; for it will, in most cases, only go to swell quite uselessly the presumably Liberal majorities by which members will be elected to the Volostnoi Skhod. It is computed that as compared with last year this will lessen by 52,000 the number of voters, mostly Liberal, in the said assemblies. The same interpretation applies to the Cossacks, a large and important element in the rural population. Further, only actual peasants, tillers of the soil, may vote in the village meetings, the "Explanations" being directed against those very numerous absentee members of the commune who, though they pay their share of the taxes, work at trades or industries in towns, and are naturally more enlightened and therefore more liberally inclined than their stay-at-home fellows. Again, by a slight change in a single word, the Senate has made a disability, applicable, it was held last year, only to the lowest class of State, municipal, railway, and Zemstvo employees and servants, to all railway men in general—a highly intelligent class, responsible for the great General Strike of 1905. And in other directions the "Explanations" tend to diminish the number of presumably Liberal voters.

Another measure is the order contained in a circular of the Committee of Ministers forbidding whole categories of people to belong to or take any part in political organizations stigmatized as anti-Governmental, including, of course, the Kadets or Constitutional Democrats. This prohibition has been applied amongst others to the employees of the Zemstvo of Moscow, who have entered a vigorous protest and declared their intention of appealing to law. It has been applied to the Ksends, or Polish priests, as servants of the Ministry of Foreign Cults, and, it is said, to the whole Russian clergy, as ser-

vants of the Holy Synod. On the strength of this circular, too, pronounced by eminent jurists to be illegal, all employees and servants on the network of railways having their centre in St. Petersburg have been forbidden to take part in any political organizations, and the Governor of Moscow in his zeal has gone further still, applying the same prohibition to all elected members of the Zemstvo and municipality.

As the Fundamental Laws gave the right of verifying and deciding as to the legality of any doubtful elections to that body, it would seem strange that the Senate should be called in to interpret beforehand the Electoral Law, were not the reason sufficiently obvious.

Still further measures having the same end in view—to put it plainly, the packing of the Dooma—are the refusal to recognize any longer, or permit meetings of, the Kadet party, and the prosecution of those of its leaders who signed the Vulborg Manifesto with its misguided appeal to quasi-passive-resistance, a tactical blunder of the first magnitude. Many of these same leaders have determined not to offer themselves as candidates for election to the new Dooma lest they should be afterwards declared disqualified, and the representation of the party suffer thereby. But the new men, whoever they may be, will hardly speak with the same authority as the old.

In the second category, measures designed to propitiate the masses, we have the ukase of October last giving actuality to the liberty of conscience and of public worship, conferred on the Old Believers on Easter Sunday, April 17, 1905, which should go far to convert these long-suffering sectarians into strong supporters of any reasonable Government. They number over 11,000,000, and are undoubtedly, as is usually the case with the persecuted

for conscience' sake, for the most part honest, industrious, and peaceable people, sure to prove, now that nonconformity is no longer a crime, an element of strength and stability in the country.

An Old Believers' church—we retain regretfully the clumsy appellation—built in commemoration of the act of grace above-mentioned, was opened at Moscow, on October 20, 1906, in presence of several high officials of the Government, and it is not to be anticipated that the persecution of the past two and a half centuries will ever be renewed. Rather, indeed, may we look with confidence for reform in the Orthodox Church itself, whose adherents are already lamenting that the sectarians now have more liberty than themselves, and that in the struggle against nonconformity, being deprived henceforth of Government support, they must rely entirely upon spiritual and moral influences! A more desirable consummation, surely, could hardly be hoped for! The Old Believers are now at liberty to form communities of not less than fifty members, build churches, and serve God in their own fashion, without interference from any one. The Orthodox White clergy, which includes the whole of the parish priests, are, on the other hand, abjectly dependent on the Consistory, composed, as is the whole hierarchy of the Established Church, exclusively of the Black or Monkish clergy, the legal rights of lay-parishioners to interfere in Church matters being in practice a dead letter. The parish priests in all the tens of thousands of villages in the empire are little above the peasants themselves in social class or education; marriage for them is compulsory; their families are naturally large; and they are dependent for their living on the fees they have the right to exact from their parishioners for the performance of the rites of baptism, marriage,

burial, &c., and on the tillage of the soil on a par with the *moozheeks*. They are consequently looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the latter, and naturally have little or none of that spiritual and moral influence which we are now told must in future be their only weapon of offence and defence against heresy. The White clergy are not to blame for this state of things, a state against which the better of them have long protested in vain; but assuredly the holy Orthodox Church must put its house in order if it is to hold even its own in future. Thanks to that Church's neglect, the average peasant has but the most elementary religious ideas; in fact, as a recent observer tells us, to the *moozheek* religion and nationality are synonyms, and if he is ever ready to defend his Church with his life it is because to him Orthodox spells Russian, and Russian Orthodox. His conception of the Deity is still Pagan, or at least pre-Christian. As Peroon to his heathen ancestry, as Jehovah to the Jews, as their favorite idol to all savage tribes, the God of the Russian peasant, and not only the peasant, is in a sense his own peculiar possession. General Stoessel, in his proclamation to the garrison on taking up the command at Port Arthur, declared that the "Russian" God had always maintained the righteous cause, and would assuredly do so on that occasion. And at a great conflagration in St. Petersburg, where a small chapel remained untouched in the midst of the flames, a boatman was heard to exclaim "See! the Russian God cannot burn!"

It has often been remarked that the Russian has produced hardly anything original. The samovar was once held to be an exception, but it derives from Holland. There are four things, however, that he does claim, and rightly, as quite exclusively his own—his race, his faith, his language, and his God.

In regard to the peasants the attitude of the Government is to some extent contradictory. Last year it favored the widest extension of their suffrage; now, as we have seen, it takes the opposite course—apparently having become disillusioned as to the conservative tendencies of the village. At the same time it seeks by all possible means to win over the peasant to the Government cause; and though, in so far as concerns the present election, this policy is unlikely to have much effect, yet for the future of Russia, compared with which, of course, the success of this or that Government is utterly insignificant, the measures now being taken in regard to the land are of supreme importance.

In the first place the Emperor granted recently some thirteen million acres of the appanage estates, serving as a provision for the Imperial family, as well as a considerable extent of Crown lands, for sale on easy terms through the Peasants' Bank to villagers whose allotments of the communal land were insufficient to support them and their families. And—unheard-of novelty in Russia—the "Instructions" for the carrying out of this measure, issued on October 28, for the guidance of the Land Settlement Commissions nominated *ad hoc*, were framed so as to enable the sales to be effected with the least possible delay.

It cannot be doubted that the peasants will largely and promptly avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring fresh land thus graciously offered them, seeing that already they have been steadily purchasing, from or through the Peasants' Bank, proprietary land at higher prices. Thus during the twelve months ending November 3, 1906, they actually completed the purchase, with the help of loans granted by that institution, of 534,689 dessiatines for a total sum of 60,304,750 roubles; or at the rate of 113 roubles

per dessiatine, and further transactions had been approved, though not completed, to the extent of over 20,000,000 roubles. This was apart from land bought outright by the bank itself with a view to re-selling to the peasants—namely, 562 estates, containing 830,450 dessiatines, for 102,921,797 roubles, or at the rate of 124 roubles per dessiatine—uncompleted transactions under this head figuring for nearly twice as much again.

It is therefore evident that in various ways the number of peasant proprietors—of peasants owning land individually and not merely as members of the commune—is largely on the increase, the movement being favored by the fact that in present conditions and circumstances many landowners are naturally willing and even anxious to sell their estates. The future for them is uncertain, and the opportunity of selling at reasonably good prices may not recur. Apart from this, the extent of Crown lands at the disposal of the Government is so large that together with the appanage estates it would more than suffice to provide every remaining landless peasant with a sufficient allotment; so that were this the only question, were there no complications, the solution of this part of the agrarian difficulty would be simple in the extreme. But such, unfortunately, is not the case. The grant of new land in, often, far-away places is all very well for certain classes of the population; but for others, and the large majority, it is of little or no use. The peasant, though he sank gradually to the position of a serf, a slave, a mere chattel, whose very life was at the mercy of his master, never acquiesced in the justice of that position. His view of the matter was condensed in the well-known saying addressed to the land- and serf-owning class, "We belong to you, but the land belongs to us," and to this he held tenaciously un-

til set partially free by the reform of 1861. He then received, on what have turned out to be very onerous terms, a portion—roughly, one half, and the worst half—of his master's estate. With the growth of the population, the increased cost of living, and the impoverishment of the soil, each householder's share in the land thus acquired by the commune has dwindled and deteriorated until it is far from sufficient for his needs. What he wants in the first place is not appanage or any other land at a distance, but the other half of the land his fathers once owned—i.e. the property of the local landed proprietor, meadow, field, and forest, lying in the immediate vicinity of his own holding. That is his demand, and "he won't be happy till he gets it." Hence the first democratic Dooma, representing to a small extent only the rural population, but eager at all costs to secure its suffrages, declared for the forced expropriation of land held by other than peasants, and without compensation, thus occasioning the *volte-face* already mentioned in the ranks of the *Zemstvos*. Sooner or later there can be little doubt that expropriation will be adopted, but no merely "Liberal" Ministry, such as that of M. Stoleepin, will dare even to discuss the idea of "no compensation." Sooner or later the peasants will have the land, that is certain; but, unless the democratic elements get the upper hand completely, some means will be found to compensate, even if inadequately, the present owners, who, in fear of the future, are showing even now that wisdom which consists of "speaking with your enemy in the gate."

But the need of the peasant is not only more land. The whole system of ownership is at fault, and it has long been recognized by competent observers that nothing short of the abolition of the communal system of land tenure

—not necessarily of the commune itself —can ever raise the *moozheck* from his present miserable condition and restore agriculture to even its former level. Yet a flourishing agriculture is and must ever be the prime necessity in Russia, the indispensable basis of her moral and material well-being. M. Witte is now the object of the most virulent, the most outrageous, the most unjust attacks; in the judgment of history it is probable that he will stand condemned as a statesman for having fostered industry to the almost complete neglect and, to a large extent, at the expense of agriculture. For the peasants form the vast majority, at least 80 per cent., of the population of the whole empire; and in the long run it is they who pay for everything. To what extent they have been impoverished of late years, what is the true state of the rural population as a whole, is at once the most important question of the day and the one most difficult to answer. That it has been impoverished is beyond doubt. It is stated by many authorities that the peasant has reached the lowest stage short of absolute, irretrievable ruin; Prince Obolensky recently declared that 35 per cent. of the peasants were horseless—a fact, if true, of terrible significance; another writer states that of the peasants belonging to the communes 30 per cent. are horseless, houseless, and landless; and the repeated famines in what were once the richest provinces undoubtedly go far to prove the general contention. On the other hand, the very same *moozheck* who was declared bankrupt, who had not a copeck wherewith to meet either taxes or arrears of land redemption, has, in these last years of trouble and famine, found ready cash to a colossal and rapidly increasing amount to spend on vodka, supplied on a monopolist basis by the State, which thus indirectly obtains from him far more ready money

than ever it did before. For example, information received by the Governor of Yaroslavl shows that the peasants of that province, notwithstanding the failure of the crops, drank this year 62,924 vedros of vodka more than last, the total amount spent being over three million roubles.

Sir D. M. Wallace so long ago as 1877, in the first edition of his admirable work on Russia, explained the communal system as it obtained there, and pointed out its more obviously weak points, the most salient being the absolute bar it puts to any agricultural improvement. Russian writers have recently laid stress, from another point of view, on the harm that results to morality from a system that disallows real ownership to the vast majority of a population dependent mainly on the land. The peasant's ideas as to property, loose in the extreme, are declared to be the direct, the inevitable result of the conditions in which he is placed. The many disabilities under which he suffers, all of which centre in the communal system, are said to be responsible for the admitted degradation of his character; and the abolition of that system is expected, therefore, to raise him not only materially but morally. Only when he has property of his own, individually, will he learn to respect the property of others; only then will there be any inducement to exercise the common virtues of honesty, sobriety, industry, and thrift; only then, in short, may we hope to see the *moozheck* put on some semblance of that ideal peasantry imagined and bodied forth by so many writers, Russian and foreign, during the last century.

As a matter of course each party in the present electoral struggle professes to be the only genuine representative of the peasant and his needs; each claims the exclusive possession of a remedy for all the ills from which he suffers—each would have us believe in

its power to raise and let loose this mighty and terrible force; or satisfy and keep it quiet. Now the revolutionary propaganda has undoubtedly made some progress in the village, but to what extent is not known to any human being. The Russian peasant as a result of his past and present conditions is eminently distrustful of parties and agitators. He has been stirred to insurrection many times, it is true; his *jacqueries* are terrible to recall; but he was never disloyal. If he rebelled against the reigning sovereign it was always in the name of some pretender, in the legitimacy of whose claim he honestly believed. He is quite disenchanted with the old *régime*, but it is practically certain that he still clings to the belief that not the Tsar but his evil counsellors are to blame; and the success of the recruiting for the new year goes far to show that this is indeed the case. It is probable that he puts little faith in the promises of the Revolutionists; but it has dawned on his intelligence that for some reason or other every one is inclined to make much of him, to seek his favor. A glimmering, faint as yet, begins to illumine his darkness, showing him to some extent his own importance. It is pretty certain that before long he will begin to realize his strength; and much, very much, depends on the way in which he may choose to exert it.

For, in any case, the future of Russia depends mainly on the attitude of the peasantry, which, in the long run, shapes that of the army, renewed, as it is, every three years from their midst. It is no wonder, then, that at last even the Government should have awakened to the importance of conciliating the *moozheck*, and that at the present crisis it should be devoting a large part of its attention and efforts to the endeavor to forestall its enemies in the matter of agrarian reform.

We have said that the Kadets and

the whole Left declared for forced expropriation without compensation; and at the last permitted meeting of that party in Moscow it was decided to draw up a complete programme of agrarian reform to be presented to the new Duma. The Cabinet of M. Stolepin could not, of course, compete on these lines with the Radicals and Democrats, but, as we have seen, it adopted various important measures with a view to satisfying the land hunger of the peasant; and, realizing that a great change has come over public opinion, even in the most Conservative quarters, in regard to the communal system, it has—again by the exercise of the ingenuity which in this case perhaps is not so very far removed from statesmanship—practically abolished it; or, to speak more precisely, it has “done” nothing, having, according to its own acknowledgment, no right to legislate, but it has “discovered” that, owing to the approaching termination of the land redemption payments, the communal system, in so far as it is compulsory, automatically ceases to exist; that the peasant has henceforth the right not only to leave the commune (that was granted to him in 1903, when the Emperor, on M. Witte’s advice, did away with the common responsibility for the taxes), but to claim, as his own individual and absolute property, his share of the communal land. This great reform was published and lucidly explained in the columns of the “Daily Telegraph” by its well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent many days before its appearance in the official Press of Russia. What its eventual effect will be it is impossible to say; we cannot even tell how it will be received by those whom it is intended to benefit or cajole; but of its vast importance there can be no doubt.

The opponents of the Government are, of course, furious at having the

ground thus cut from under their feet. They inveigh against this new infraction or evasion of the Fundamental Laws; and it is difficult for impartial observers to refuse them some modicum of sympathy. For the fact is patent that the Ministry on the eve of a general election is hurrying through, one after another, reforms of far-reaching significance with little study or preparation, and by methods, to say the least of it, open to serious criticism. To the Socialists, of course, the abolition of the communal system of land tenure is a retrograde step, acceptable only to those of them who look upon the temporary triumph of the *bourgeois* and the "land-grabber" as a necessary stage in the progress towards the prevalence of their own ideals. To the Individualists it is a long-needed reform. But both agree in condemning the way in which it has been granted, and unite in abuse of the Government. M. Kovalievsky calls it an unheard-of *coup d'état*. One organ of the Left predicts that it will be looked upon as quite the most unhappy memorial of the present Ministry's constructive work.

On the other hand the extreme Right is no better satisfied. Thus M. Sharàp-off, in the "Rouskoe Dielo," calls the new law revolutionary, and says:

With the dissolution of the commune bloody civil war in the village becomes inevitable. Men will attack one the other hedge-stakes in hand. All animal instincts, all dark passions, are let loose; woe to the wretched peasant! The kingdom of the usurer, the drunkard, the hooligan, is at hand; and these sanguinary elements will henceforth tear the commune to pieces.

A problem of very exceptional complexity has been cut, we are told, like the Gordian knot. Those peasants who happen to be in the enjoyment of better or larger allotments will naturally make haste to profit by the law

as newly interpreted, while those who have little or none of the communal land lose, once for all, their chance of securing their rightful share. The existence of a peasant proletariat receives for the first time the sanction of law, and a wide prospect is opened up for its increase by the temptations now offered to the weaker brethren to sell or mortgage their land. In short, Russia enters into the path trodden with such doubtful benefit by the Western nations, and in course of time the land will gravitate into the hands of the few, while the many will swell the ranks of the acreless proletariat. And, the wish being father to the thought, one critic of the Government adds that the Dooma will now have to face, inevitably, fatally, the forced expropriation of the landed estates belonging to private persons; for the favor now extended to the more substantial peasants must strengthen irresistibly the claims of the rest. But all these objections and many others apply only to the methods and details of the reform, and though by no means devoid of weight must be discounted as coming from the enemies of the Government. The Dooma should yet be able to devise some means of averting the worst evil feared—the formation of large estates, the concentration of the land in comparatively few hands.³

The commune, except as an administrative unit, has long outlived its utility; in the eyes of many it is mainly responsible for the present miserable condition of the rural population. M. Witte himself declared, long ago, that Russia formed an exception to all

³ Since the above was written the Government has reaffirmed the law of 1893, by which it is forbidden to mortgage peasant allotments to private persons or institutions. By the ukase of November 15 (28), 1906, they can only be mortgaged to the Peasants' Bank, and solely for the purpose of improving the owner's position as a peasant proprietor.

other countries of the world in that the mass of her people for two generations had been systematically educated in a total disregard of all ideas of legality and the rights of property. He added: "What will be the historical result of this state of things I hesitate at present to say; but I am pretty sure that the consequences will be serious." And in speaking thus it was the communal system he had in view. Even the "Novoe Vremya" (November 15 [28]) writes:

The fetish of the commune brought much evil into our life. It barred all progress in agriculture, so far as the peasants were concerned; it demoralize their social life, debauched their conception of the rights of landed property, and brought them to poverty and periodic famines. Finally, it opened the way amongst them for the most foolish of agitators, and prepared a Conservative peasantry for pogroms and "illuminations."

The Dooma sooner or later doubtless would have decreed its abolition, either directly or indirectly. The crime of the Stoleepin Cabinet lay in usurping the functions of the Dooma and carrying in hot haste by various ingenious subterfuges measures of first-class importance, merely to curry favor with the most ignorant and most numerous stratum of the population and thus

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(To be concluded.)

CHINS AND CHARACTER.

If there is one point on which all physiognomists seem agreed, it is that firmness of character is expressed in the chin and lower jaw. We all exercise our knowledge of this branch of the science continually, when brought face to face with a stranger, and it hardly ever leads us astray. There is something quite unmistakable in the lower half of the face of a man of de-

termined character. It is certainly strange that Alexander II.'s great work should after forty-five years be completed in such "hole and corner" fashion, and for such—let us say questionable—motives. But the great thing is that the peasant is at last really free (the term is, of course, always conditional), and the world at large will watch with interest the use he makes of his freedom. Meantime one thing is quite certain, though many will deny it—namely, that the agrarian reform, like all others of recent date, is an outcome of the revolutionary movement. It is doubtful, however, whether it will strike the peasant himself in this light, or if it does that he will therefore acknowledge any indebtedness to the Revolutionists. It is anticipated, on the other hand, that he will evince a gratitude more or less lively, more or less utilizable by the Government of M. Stoleepin. But this, too, we venture to doubt. It is more likely that the Emperor personally will gain such credit as accrues, that the Ministry will endure all the obloquy, and that the indirect but important share of the Revolutionists in bringing about at the present time a reform that would otherwise have been delayed indefinitely will only be recognized by the beneficiaries in the course of years.

It can be read at a glance, and from almost any point of view.

Strictly speaking, although we all talk familiarly of a "firm chin," the anatomical chin is not the part which is chiefly concerned in giving that cast of visage which goes with a determined will. It is possible to have a fairly well developed chin and yet to be as

unstable as water. The chin proper, which may be defined as that part of the lower jaw immediately adjacent to the "symphysis" (or line where the two halves of the bone are joined in front), appears to be quite distinct, when we consider its anatomical history, from that part of the mandible which gives an index of will power. Some curious facts in anthropology have recently been brought to light through a study of this true chin, chief of which is the reason why man comes to differ markedly in this part of his structure from all other beings. It is scarcely necessary to state that the chin is a distinctively human characteristic. But apparently no one has hitherto attempted to solve the problem of its origin or primary uses. This, however, although no longer a mystery, is a matter which is hardly ripe for popular exposition, and I do not propose to discuss it here.

At first sight the problem as to the nature of the link which we all admit to exist between the will and the jaw-bone appears wellnigh insoluble. Why should a man who has certain mental characteristics, the origin of which must without doubt be looked for in the tissues of the brain, show a clear and unmistakable sign of them in his lower jaw more than anywhere else? Although the pronouncements of phrenologists as to the outward and visible signs of various mental qualities have been to a great extent discredited, we all admit the existence of a certain conformity between the shape of the head and the mental character; and one must admit also that this correspondence may depend upon the comparative development of certain lobes of the brain which contain the physical mechanism of this or that mental faculty. But in the case before us there can be no question of "organs" or "bumps," such as the phrenologist depends upon in reading character from

the shape of the head. The lower jaw is, anatomically, as independent of the brain as is the hand or foot. How, then, are we to account for the invariable correspondence between a certain shape of jaw and certain mental or moral qualities?

Sometimes, especially amongst a mixed race like that inhabiting these islands, a problem such as this can be solved by searching into racial history. Every one knows that among our fellow-men red hair carries with it certain peculiarities of temper. Breeders of domestic animals also recognize many kindred links between inward and outward characteristics. Thus a chestnut horse with white legs usually has a fiery temper, a brown roan horse is almost invariably placid, and a rat-tailed horse can almost certainly be depended upon as a strenuous worker. Correspondences of a like kind can be found among dogs and cattle, especially in the case of the more recent breeds. Black retriever dogs are supposed to have derived both their characteristic coats and treacherous tempers from a strain of wolfish blood imported by way of Newfoundland, while among shorthorn cattle the wildness often observed in white animals may perhaps find its explanation in Chillingham Park. In all probability most of such instances of correlation may be explained by the fact that, among the ancestry of modern mixed races, some tribe of men or breed of animals possessed in a marked degree both the inward and outward characteristics which we now find associated, and that wherever the one shows the other is still linked with it. Most likely some deep-blooded and hot-blooded Celtic tribe of the pre-historic ages is accountable for the people among us whose temper and complexion have been vulgarly summed up in the word "ginger." In like manner one may perhaps infer a primeval race of rat-

talled wild horses who lived a strenuous life in some region where flies and provender were not abundant.

It does not seem possible, however, to interpret the link between the jaw and the character in this way, since it apparently exists in equal degree among every section of the human race. It is, in fact, almost as easy to form an opinion as to the firmness of character of a Negro, a Chinaman, or a Carib, from the shape of his lower jaw, as in the case of a European. I say *almost* as easy, because, in the case of the primitive savage, the shape of the jaw is generally influenced by the extremely hard work which the teeth have to do in the mastication of coarse food. This fact, although apparently a complication of the problem, if looked at in another way gives us a very useful clue. There can be very little doubt that the jawbone is greatly influenced both in size and shape by the vigorous action of the muscles attached to its surfaces. It is surprising how rapidly the shape of many of the bones of the human body may be altered, even in adult life, by the use or disuse of muscles. Every surgeon who has to examine the part of a limb which remains intact after an amputation has observed how rapidly the bones which have been rendered useless diminish in size and strength. A remarkable instance of this kind came under the writer's observation recently. It is well known that a blacksmith, by the continual and vigorous use of his right arm, obtains not only remarkable muscular development, but also quite as remarkable osseous development. This is most easily observed in the collar-bone, which, on the side of the working arm, is thick, crooked, and rough for the attachment of powerful muscles, such as the *pectoral* and *deltoid*.

A working engineer, who had been doing a good deal of anvil work, and

whose right arm was developed accordingly, was so unfortunate as to lose the limb in a machinery accident. Almost as soon as the poor fellow was out of hospital, he determined to train his left arm and hand for the work, and with splendid resolution he succeeded in doing so. Although he was already a middle-aged man, not only did the muscles of his left arm grow thick and powerful, but the bones, especially the collar-bone, underwent within a few months a corresponding change. On examining him a short time ago, I found that his right collar-bone had become as slender and smooth as a woman's; whereas the left had become not only greatly thickened and strengthened, but had acquired that peculiar "S"-like curve usually found upon a blacksmith's right side. This curious crookedness of the collar-bone attached to the smith's smiting arm, by the way, probably saves the body from the jar which would otherwise be conveyed to it from the use of the hammer.

Now it is easy to see that, supposing certain powerful muscles, such as are attached to the lower jaw, were to become vigorously active, one might in like manner expect a change in the configuration of the bone and in the outline of the face. That such changes do occur can be shown without the introduction of moral or physiognomical problems.

Until within the last few months the crews of *our* fighting ships have had to live mainly upon "hard tack." Such food throws heavy work on the muscles of mastication, and, as a consequence, one never sees a sailor with a weak jaw. The writer's attention was first drawn to this fact when some years ago he had to pass a number of boys from a London parish district into the Navy. These lads would from time to time reappear in their old haunts when visiting their rela-

tives The change in them was indeed remarkable, and was made more manifest when they were consorting with their old schoolfellows and companions who had never left the life of the streets. Undoubtedly the most noticeable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analyzing this, one found that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw.

Recently a remarkable demonstration of the same fact was seen in a crowded London railway station. A train loaded with some hundreds of blue-jackets was standing in the station just at the time when the platform was thronged with citizens on their way to the suburbs. Most of the sailors were looking out of the windows, and the crowd on the platform was looking at the sailors. The contrast between the two sets of jaws thus brought *vis-à-vis* with one another was most striking. Here, on the one side, one had the average civilian, belonging to no one class (many were obviously tradesmen, mechanics, and clerks), but who had been nourished upon the elaborately prepared food common to all tables among highly civilized peoples. On the other were a number of men, not very different in origin, but who had from their youth up been compelled to chew the notoriously hard biscuit and beef with which our seamen have been provided by hide-bound naval tradition for over a century.

A similar development of the lower jaw appears to result from the habit of chewing "gum," which is common in the United States. Certainly among the classes where this habit is prevalent one can detect a wider dental arch than the average, and also an increased prominence of the lower jaw.

Tobacco-chewing, a loathsome habit which happily appears to be going out of fashion among civilized people, has been productive of a cast of countenance which will remain historic for all time. "Uncle Sam" will probably be for ever portrayed as an individual "lean of flank and lank of jaw," as Oliver Wendell Holmes verbally depicts him in his humorous apotheosis. Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced sal-low heroes were tobacco-chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and working men of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the "typical Yankee" of caricature.

It is worth while to note in passing that there is one facial trait that the tobacco-chewer possesses in common with the man-of-war's man and nearly all hard-living savages and barbarians. His mouth shuts firmly, conveying the impression that he knows his own mind. The same may be said of most of the portraits which have come down to us from ancient and medieval times. Let any one curious in such matters compare these portraits with those of modern people, such as may be seen in any photographer's window, and he will find that it is quite exceptional to see among contemporary faces that easy and firm set of the mouth, depending on the shape of the lips and jaws, which is so necessary to the dignity of the human countenance.

Three faces out of four which we encounter as we pass along the street lack "character" for the same reason.

When we consider how many other-wise pleasing faces among young people of modern times are marred by a certain weakness in the outline of the jaw, probably due to the fact that our food is now so elaborately prepared for us as to need but little muscular effort in mastication, one wonders that none of the astute and pushing people now figuring as improvers of human looks have offered their services as professors of jaw gymnastics.

One result of the "soft tack" on which we are now all living is that the lower jaw does not attain growth enough to accommodate all the teeth, which, as a consequence, become crowded and defective.

Theories have been put forward that the human species is undergoing an evolutionary change, and that the number of his teeth is diminishing, because in some cases the wisdom teeth do not appear above the gum, or only appear in a very modified form. This is not sound science, if the views of most students of Evolution are well based. Probably in almost every case this defective development is due to individual jaw-indolence, and not to racial degeneration. Were the next crop of children to be as lightly clothed and as hardly fed as were the brats of the root- and acorn-eating ages, the survivors would have a dental equipment as efficient as that of the Ancient Britons.

Having now, I hope, made it sufficiently plain that the shape of the human jaw may be influenced in early life by the action of muscles upon the bone, let us see what bearing this fact has upon the main question with which we set out. If it can be shown that an innate obstinacy of disposition gives rise to habitual activity of the

biting muscles, we shall not be far from a solution.

There can be no doubt that the chief ingredients of our moral nature come into the world with us. Without going into metaphysics and discussing the primal causes as to the constitutional differences between soul and soul, we can say with confidence that certain specific arrangements of the nerve cells of the brain, which exist in each of us *ab initio*, have to do with the outward manifestations of those differences. Not only is the boy the father of the man, but the embryo is father of the boy. Very early in infancy it is possible to observe the differences of disposition between those who are naturally timid and those who are naturally courageous, between the placid nature and the querulous. Every man of obstinate will was a wilful youth and a wilful baby.

Now, every one knows that when we face a sudden crisis of life in a resolute mood we instinctively "set our teeth." To get an answer to the question *why* this is the case we must go back very far indeed, to a state of development when practically every serious difficulty, whether social or other,—except such as demanded instant flight,—was settled by vigorous biting. I have repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that we have more relics of primordial instincts and habits in our nervous systems than in our physical structure, and this is no exception to the rule. Although ever so many thousand years out of date, the old nervous currents are still set going by the same *stimuli* that first called them forth. Darwin shows, in his book entitled "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," that a sneer is really the remnant of a very expressive threat, viz., a lifting of the lip to display the formidable canine teeth. In like manner the action of setting the teeth, which consists in bracing the

biting muscles (just as a batsman braces the muscles of his arms as the ball approaches), is a relic of the habit of getting ready to tackle a foe, or a difficulty, in the simple prehistoric way: nature for the moment being oblivious of the fact that the old dental tactics have been superseded.

Moreover, careful observation of very young children has shown that, even before there are any teeth to bite with, the infant in a determined mood clenches its gums together by contracting its *temporal* and *masseter* muscles. I am inclined to think that the action of the *temporal* is more responsible for the determined jaw than that of the *masseter*. This may perhaps explain the difference, which is readily discernible, between the square jaw which indicates determination and that to which attention has already been drawn which comes from chewing hard food. In hard-biting animals, such as the bull-dog and the badger, it is the fully developed temporal muscle which gives the characteristic bulging behind the cheeks; and in a man of determined visage not only do we get the effect of a constant pull of the powerful muscle upon the angles of the lower jawbone, but also the equally characteristic fullness of outline of that part of the head between the upper margin of the ear and the brow, where its fleshy body takes origin from the skull. Broadly speaking — although they both act together, the *temporal* appears to be the biting muscle as far as fighting teeth are concerned, while the

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masseter is the biting muscle as far as chewing teeth are concerned. Now, given our infant born with a vigorous and dogged will, who habitually braces the above-mentioned muscles whenever that will is brought into conflict with those of other people, we shall have a corresponding growth of the mandible taking place from the very first. As a rule, in young faces, owing to the changes necessary in the growing jaw for the formation of teeth, and also to the fact that there is a mass of adipose tissue giving a general roundness to the face, the development of the angle of the jaw is not very obvious. Moreover, during the long educational period when submissiveness to authority is an important virtue, and when most of the serious difficulties of life are met by parents and others, a dogged determination of character and its physical manifestations are not much to the fore. Hence it happens that it is when the real battle of life begins we as a rule first notice that the round-faced boy or girl has, often within a very short time, become a square-jawed and formidable person.

Whether the squareness of jaw denote a laudable strength and firmness of character, or mere stupid pig-headedness, is not a part of our present problem. This must depend upon the presence or absence of such brain cells as are necessary for the manifestation of other mental and moral faculties, which are quite distinct from the nervous mechanism of the strong will.

Louis Robinson, M.D.

AMELIA AND THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BURGLARY AT MISS CAREY'S.

The 13th of January 189— perhaps is to be remembered in Barton more dis-

tinctly than any other date, for on that day Miss Carey's house at the crossway was broken into by a burglar, and property of some value taken from it. It was the first, and, so far as present

experience goes, the last, incident of the kind known in the history of Barton and its neighborhood.

It seemed particularly cruel that a person of Miss Carey's unfailing kindness and goodness should be made the victim of such an outrage. Certainly she had no reason to accuse herself of omitting any of the recognized precautions for guarding against burglary. To lift the valance of the bed and look beneath it, in order to see whether a villain were hidden there with sinister designs, was as much a natural and inevitable part of Miss Carey's preparations for the night as the saying of her prayers. A man's hat always hung on a peg in the entrance-hall, although it was not within the memory of any of us that one of the male sex had passed the night under Miss Carey's roof. The hat, in fact, had been left behind by Miss Carey's last but one gardener, and was by no means a good hat; but such as it was it seemed adequate to convey to the apprehensive mind of the burglar that the house was the abode of one person at least of the male sex. Miss Carey had often spoken to us of the difficulty with which she reconciled to her conscience this simple attempt at imposture. "For if, my dear," she said, "you were to meet a burglar in the hall, and he were to inquire of you whether there were a man in the house, you could not of course say 'Yes.' It would be telling a downright untruth; and it does seem to me that hanging up a man's hat in that way is very deceitful. It is almost as bad as telling a tramp or a beggar that there is a man in the house, when you know there is not. But Phoebe put it there," she used to conclude in a resigned way, "when my last gardener but one left—poor man, he gave way to sad habits of intemperance—and she threatens to leave me unless it is allowed to stay there. I hope I am not doing very wrong."

Nevertheless, in spite of this acquiescence in the decree of Phoebe, which seemed to be as inexorable for Miss Carey as the decree of fate itself, I am not at all sure that when the burglar actually did come, wholly undaunted as it appeared by the battered but still masculine hat which confronted him in the hall, Miss Carey did not deem him to be the agent of a justly incensed Providence sent to punish her for the fraud which she had been perpetrating, with the assistance of the hat, for many years. The suggestion that possibly it might not be altogether wrong to deceive a burglar when engaged in the actual pursuit of his calling, Miss Carey met with gentle but firm rebuke which admitted no compromise, saying, "No. The fact that the man is doing wrong cannot justify you or me, my dear, in doing wrong also. As my dear father used to say so often: 'Two wrongs won't make a right; two blacks won't make a white.'" And it was impossible to deny that the opinion of Miss Carey's father was perfectly correct.

The night on which the outrage was committed was a very stormy one, and every window in the house seemed to be rattling itself to pieces as Miss Carey went up to bed at her usual hour of ten. Even while Phoebe was arranging her hair for the night, Miss Carey fancied that she heard a sound of tapping, repeated at regular intervals, that was distinct from the thousand and one noises in an old house on a windy night. She was so far convinced of this that she sent Phoebe down to the hall to see that all was securely fastened, while she herself, with a candle, stood at the head of the stairs, looking down. The tapping had ceased, for the time being, at all events. Phoebe came up saying that nothing of a suspicious nature, with the exception of one small black beetle, had been seen downstairs, and presently the girl

went off to her own room, and Miss Carey went to bed. It was quite in vain, however, that she attempted to go to sleep. The noises of the wind continued with unabated violence, and still, amidst them, and distinct from them all, came that constant, regular tapping which seemed too methodical to be altogether natural. Twenty times Miss Carey told herself that it was nothing, that it was the wind beating a spray of ivy against the wall, and so on, but as often as she strove to doze off, in this comforting conviction, so often the insistence and the regularity of the taps struck her as wholly unaccountable. At last they ceased, but still Miss Carey continued to hear noises, which she had the greatest difficulty in assuring herself were occasioned by the wind; and so, in alternate dozing and starting up, some hours of the night passed away until suddenly a sound struck her ear that was both familiar and unmistakable. In the passage above the hall that led towards the bedrooms stood an old cabinet containing some valuable china. Do what Miss Carey would, she never had been able to dispose of the china and the cabinet in such a way that the dishes did not give out a slight but distinct rattle when a foot fell on a board of the passage opposite them. It was this slight but penetrating rattle that struck Miss Carey's ear now, and brought with it the terrifying conviction that a person, probably a man, at this moment was advancing along that passage towards her room. Miss Carey, I think, for the time being, must have been changed to the very depths of her timid, shrinking nature; some flame inherited from warlike ancestors must have flickered in her soul. When she told the story (and you may be sure that she had to tell it very often) afterwards, she used to say, "No, my dear, I do not think I was frightened for the moment. Before, I had been dread-

fully frightened; and ever since I have been so frightened that I hardly like opening my bedroom door at night for fear of some one bouncing out at me. For a long time, too, I did not like going up the stairs in the dusk, but at the moment I do not think that I was frightened at all. It seems to me that for the moment I was more angry than anything else. It was very wrong of me to have such a feeling, I am afraid, but it made me so angry to think of a man breaking into my house that I believe I had no time to be frightened just then. I jumped out of bed, lit my candle, and went to my bedroom door to open it, at the very instant, as it seemed to me, that a hand was laid upon the handle on the other side. I cannot say that the hand fought against my hand at all, or else, of course, I should not have been able to open the door; but I did open it, and at once some dark body dashed past me and went down the back stairs."

At this point in his proceedings it seems that the burglar, abandoning, as well he might, all further thought of concealment, dashed from the house with all speed, overturning a table in the hall as he went, and so causing a tremendous crash that roused all the small household of women-servants to come to Miss Carey's aid. Cosely huddled together, with Miss Carey valiantly in the van, they descended the stairs expecting each moment, and from each corner, the burglar or his accomplice to dash out upon them.

The appearance of the hall itself was pitiful in its confusion. There was, first, the overturned table, with all the little trifles that had been on it scattered over the floor. All the drawers of a fine Chippendale cabinet had been pulled out, and their contents were littering the room. The bureau, Mrs. Copman's "burry," which Miss Carey had bought at the sale of Mrs. Copman's effects after her death, stood all agape, as

if in astonishment at the doings of that dreadful night. On the centre table were two bottles, now empty, that recently had contained beer; beneath the table, in company with papers and all imaginable confusion, were bones of a pheasant that the intruder presumably had eaten.

All the while that the affrighted group of women were taking in these details, they were beset by the fear of the burglar (or his accomplice, if the one whose noisy exit they had heard had fled) jumping out at them, or perchance aiming at them with a pistol, from behind every chair and from every dark corner. But the search proceeded to the drawing-room without discovering any living thing. There, if possible, the scene of desolation was even more distressing. Every drawer and cabinet had been opened. Here Miss Carey had kept some miniatures, old-fashioned ornaments and jewels, bric-a-brac of various sorts, including, amongst them, that very bangle of Indian gold work that the poor man in Barton had restored to her from off his dead daughter's wrist. At each successive revelation of her losses poor Miss Carey held up her hands in dismay, to a chorus of sympathizing and piteous exclamations from the group behind.

"And the candle-grease everywhere, ma'am!" as the housemaid observed, with a professional eye to what was specially her department.

By this time the investigation had so far proceeded as to make it fairly evident that the man was not concealed within the house. But it was only right, both for their own protection and for the possible apprehension of the criminal, that the police should be told of what had occurred. Miss Carey perceived this clearly, for she said, "The question is, who shall go for Mr. Stiles?"

The cook acquired, deservedly, undy-

ing fame in Barton by replying at this crisis, "I will go, ma'am, for Mr. Stiles."

"But I do not like your going alone, Mary," Miss Carey said. "Phoebe had better go with you."

"Oh, no, ma'am," poor Phoebe pleaded, in a trembling voice. "Please, not me."

"Jane, then, will you go?"

The housemaid, fired perhaps with the resentment caused by the spilt candle-grease, assented readily, and the two greatly daring spirits stole upstairs to habit themselves more becomingly for their nocturnal walk. When they were gone, Phoebe and the little "between maid" were sent by Miss Carey to the kitchen, with instructions to make tea, an occupation which she regarded in the doubly beneficent light of the composition of a consoling beverage and a homely task that would help them to recover control of their nerves. Meanwhile she locked herself (somewhat as the stable door is locked when the horse has been stolen from it) into her bedroom until such time as the policeman, or the tea, should arrive.

Mr. Stiles was aroused with some little difficulty out of a sonorous sleep to a sense of the gravity of the situation. The situation was entirely remote from his experience, but this circumstance did not prevent him, when habited with the maximum regard for decency that the emergency permitted, from expounding his views of burglaries in general, and of Miss Carey's case in particular, at some length as he clattered up the village street, with Miss Carey's cook and housemaid, through the stormy night. The unusual sound woke Dr. Charlton's terrier Pegtop to a vociferous barking, which suggested to the constable the excellent idea of summoning the doctor, in the name of the law, to come to his support. The natural thing in Barton was to summon, not the constable, but the doctor, in case of nocturnal trouble. It had

taken fifteen minutes for Mr. Stiles to present himself in a fit state to respond to the call for his services. The doctor was on his doorstep in his ulster—a garment that is like charity in its generous cloaking of deficiencies—in three. The constable carried his truncheon. The doctor, misapprehending the nature of this unexpected call, was armed with quite different weapons.

"What is it, Stiles?" he asked, as the light from the candle in the passage shone on the constable's face.

"Please, sir, these ladies—that is, Miss Carey's cook and 'ousemaid—thought as you'd be glad to hear as Miss Carey's 'ad 'er 'ouse broke into."

"House broke into. Bless my soul, is it true? Thought I'd be glad to hear it? What the deuce 'do you mean? Oh, I see. That's just your pretty way of putting it. But broken into! Burgled? Anybody hurt?"

"No one was 'urt at the time we left, sir," said the cook, leaving large room for the imagination to picture unspeakable things done in the interval.

The doctor pulled furiously at a bell handle that started a jangling bell somewhere in the back premises of the house.

"One moment," he said, "while I order the gig to come up to Miss Carey's."

On this errand, inexplicable to his audience, he disappeared. In less than a minute he was back again, and shortly the procession was moving up the village street.

"If only," the doctor was grumbling, "Amelia, that is, Miss Carey, would have taken my advice and had a dog—like Pegtop say! What chance would there be for any man getting into the house if Pegtop was there to bark? Instead of which she keeps a beastly fat, overfed cat."

"Oh, sir," said the housemaid, shocked, "Miss Carey couldn't a-bear a dog."

"And so she's got to a-bear a burglar," the doctor answered with grim humor. "Ah, well, every one to his own taste. We must live our lives our own way. There are lots of complaints that 'are infectious, but I'm blessed if experience is one of them. You have to start that afresh for yourself every time a new human life begins."

"Which we've 'ad our experience of dogs, sir," the housemaid said, rather resenting the doctor's tone, "when Pegtop 'ave come into the 'ouse with 'is dirty feet."

"I hope your burglar wiped his feet nicely then, and didn't leave any mud on the carpet," the doctor retorted with sarcasm.

"'E did drop the candle-grease some-thin' shameful," the girl said, recalling the sad scene; "which I must say as Pegtop never did."

With this observation they came to Miss Carey's house, where they had no little difficulty in obtaining admission, the servants within evidently deeming that they were being made the victims of a second burglarious attempt, on the part of intruders assuming the familiar voices of the doctor, the constable, the cook, and housemaid for their better deception.

At length, however, the door was opened, and, Mr. Stiles murmuring with ceremonial formality, "In the name of the law!" they marched in. Hitherto it appeared rather as if the doctor and not the constable had been the representative of the outraged majesty of law and order, but so soon as the house was entered the precedence arranged itself more fittingly. Mr. Stiles assumed the entire command, groping under chairs and tables with his truncheon with remarkable fortitude, observing from time to time, "I'll have him out. I'll have him out." It appeared, however, that the man's outing had taken place some time previously, and entirely on his own initia-

tive, for there was no appearance of him on the premises now.

When Mr. Stiles had satisfied, and perhaps relieved, his mind on this point he turned his professional attention to discovering the means by which the man had made his entry. Both front and back doors were locked, but Miss Carey, who was fully dressed by this time and wonderfully composed, as the doctor told us, pointed out to Mr. Stiles a fact which, curiously enough, seemed to have escaped his observation, namely that one of the windows of the little hall was wide open and that half its shutter was thrown back. One of the small panes of glass had been taken bodily out, and there were marks on the shutter of some tool or other—"a jemmy most likely, mum," as Mr. Stiles conjectured, forgetting that Miss Carey had not the advantage of his professional training, and would not be likely to know exactly what a jemmy was.

"Do you mean to say you think you know who did it—Jemmy who?" Miss Carey asked.

Mr. Stiles explained that he spoke of a burglar's weapon that was commonly called by this name, and then announced that he had arrived at the conclusion, which all the others had reached before him, that the man had entered the house by means of the window from which the pane had been removed. Once the pane had gone, it was easy for any one outside to reach in through the aperture and unlatch the window.

"But there must have been more than one," Miss Carey said. "I am sure one man could not possibly have drunk two whole bottles of beer."

Mr. Stiles shook his head, as if he did not altogether share Miss Carey's confidence; and sighed heavily as if he were reflecting that he should like Miss Carey to furnish him with the means for making the attempt, in order

to enlighten her; but no suggestion of the kind was offered, and at this moment a rumbling of wheels outside startled the strained nerves of the servants, and as it stopped at the door filled them with apprehension that the burglar might have returned in a carriage. Their fears were quieted when they heard the familiar voice of Jim, the doctor's groom, who had driven up in the gig according to his master's orders. The arrival of the gig seemed to reinforce the doctor's authority, which he had relinquished for the time being in favor of the constable, and he proposed to Mr. Stiles, rather with the air of issuing an order, that he should permit himself to be driven by Jim into the neighboring county town, to lay the facts of the case before the police constables there, and in especial to tell them to be on the look-out at the railway station and at other neighboring stations both up and down the line, in case the burglar should try to get off with his booty from one or other of them by the early morning train. "And mind," was the doctor's last injunction, as the policeman obediently climbed into the gig alongside of Jim, "that you keep a sharp lookout for the fellow upon the road as you go along."

The groom, who had the reputation of being a humorist, said, "Don't you be afraid, sir. If we finds 'im, we brings 'im, alive or dead."

There was little enough chance, however, as they all agreed, of the burglar being so simple-minded as to walk along the high road, and poor Miss Carey went back sadly, with the doctor, to try to form some estimate of her loss.

Of course all idea of sleep had been given up by the household for the night, and in spite of Miss Carey's remonstrances, Dr. Charlton declared his intention of remaining with her until the return of his servant with the policeman in the gig. I do not think it

was the doubtful propriety of the doctor's presence in the house at that hour of night that distressed Miss Carey, so much as her reluctance to keep him from his sleep. But he silenced her objections by saying in his abrupt way:—

"Call it a professional visit, Amelia, if you like. I will charge you for it, if that will make you easier. It is in my professional capacity that I insist on staying here. It would be quite wrong that I should leave you in the house with only these maids, without even so much as a good dog, such as I have often told you you should have, to protect you, after such a shock as you must have experienced. I congratulate you, I am sure," he added a little more graciously, seeing that he had gained his point, "on the manner in which you have borne it."

So they remained together in the drawing-room for an hour and a half or more, Miss Carey every now and then bethinking herself of yet some other object dear to her that had vanished, starting up to look for it, of course failing to find it, and sitting down again in deeper despondency than before. They discussed the probable manner of the burglar's entrance, the chances of catching the man or men, since Miss Carey insisted, on the evidence of the two empty beer bottles, that there must have been more than one, and so on.

"What seems so very dreadful," poor Miss Carey said, "is that they were no doubt watching me for a long time while I knew nothing at all about it; for the noise of the tapping, which I suppose was made by them working to get the pane out of the window, began directly I went upstairs."

"And stopped, apparently, directly Phoebe came down, and you threw the light of the candle into the hall," the doctor added.

"So it is evident that they must have

been able to see in quite clearly. It is very uncomfortable, is it not, Richard, the idea that one is being watched?"

The doctor admitted that it was, but pointed out to Miss Carey that in this instance she had no idea at all that she was being watched, so that she could not have felt uncomfortable about it; but this so confused her that she did not follow the argument any further, and only said that she was quite sure she never would be able to sit comfortably in that room again for fear of the possibility that some one was looking in.

The excitements of the dreadful night were not even yet exhausted. After what seemed to Miss Carey and the doctor an immensely long time of waiting they heard the gig returning at the best pace of the horse, and Jim drew up hurriedly at the door. The servants, watching at the back of the house, had heard the approach of the carriage. It was the kind of crisis that levels social distinctions in great measure, and they did not hesitate to come to the front door to hear the latest news. Jim was so breathlessly full of his information that he was hardly able to impart it.

"We've found 'im," he exclaimed, as he got out of the gig. "We've found 'im, and we'll 'ave 'im. Leastways Stiles'll 'ave 'im very soon. He's after 'im."

It was rather difficult at first to find out what actually had happened, but by the help of some sharp questions put to him by his master Jim managed at length to make them understand that as they drove along the road to Y—, keeping a sharp look-out, as the doctor had prescribed, they saw, by the light of the gig lamps, a man seated in the hedge. Jim pulled up at once and Mr. Stiles descended from the gig, but before he had got down the man had jumped over the hedge and

Mr. Stiles had gone after him in hot pursuit, calling to the man to stop, and, in the intervals of this summons, which went quite unheeded, calling to Jim to drive on into Y— and warn them at the police station there. Jim had stayed in the road till all sounds of the pursuit had faded away in the distance, and then, before proceeding on his way, had noticed a bag lying in the hedge where the man had been sitting. The bag he now had with him in the gig. He had proceeded with it to Y—, where he had roused the police, according to his instructions, and the policemen were now gone out, after awaking the station-master and leaving a constable to watch the early morning train, to aid Mr. Stiles in the apprehension of the burglar; but before doing this they had opened the bag—which was merely a rough sack—and found it to contain certain articles which they presumed to be part of the booty taken from Miss Carey's house. On this, Jim was ordered at once to produce the bag. He brought it from the gig, and with great eagerness its contents were inspected. The first thing to be taken out was a fine cock pheasant on which Mary, the cook, pounced directly, exclaiming, "my pheasant; oh, my pheasant!" for she identified it at once as one that had

been hanging in the larder, and had been missing after the burglar's visit. With this exclamation she clasped the pheasant to her as if its restoration meant the recovery of the most precious of all the articles that had been taken. Meanwhile Miss Carey, looking into the lower stratum of the bag's contents, found some few of the precious things that had been stolen, but unfortunately they bore only a very small proportion to the whole, and were not by any means the most valuable.

"The ruffian has the best of them stowed away in his pockets, we may be sure," the doctor observed. "Well, we can only hope," he added, in a way that did not express a very hearty conviction, "that Stiles may catch him."

Although the news that Jim had brought served to keep the excitement still nearer to the boiling point, it did not create any distinct change in the position of affairs, and as the first glimmer of dawn was now beginning to appear in the east, Dr. Charlton at length thought himself justified in leaving the distressed household to itself, and went off in the gig, promising to call again at a more convenient hour of the same morning.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDY OF FURNITURE.

I.

"The proper study of mankind is man," but we cannot study man aright save in his surroundings, where those things are most significant that he has chosen for himself. Hence much has been written on the philosophy of clothes, and much also on the philosophy of architecture. The garden has afforded the moralist fruit for meditation and sentiment has blossomed in

the language of flowers. Even the beehive has not deterred the curious, though repentance come with a sting. None the less, human edification owes somewhat to architecture in wax, wisdom has been sucked from honey cells, and Shakespeare found the perfect polity in the ordered regiment of honey bees.

How comes it, then, that furniture remains the province of the connois-

seur and the broker? Wardour Street, so far, has provided the wise with nothing better than a metaphor for the sham anachronism. Yet, in Wardour Street you may find cabinets containing the dust of dead secrets, wardrobes of buhl fit for Carlyle's "Dandiacal" dressing room, caskets open to receive your jewels, and lamps more numerous than the mystic "seven." (These last are offered at prices that illuminate the commercial instinct of Aladdin's enemy when he bartered new lamps for old.) But you need not go as far as Wardour Street in search of inspiration. Seek the nearest pawnbroker and learn how his golden spheres are but pledges of the fruit that symbolists may pluck within. Here is the parable-maker's paradise—intended for him, untended by him, it needs to be watered with fountains of tears. Seek one of the little "boxes," and imagine the theatre of many a tragedy. The actors pass, but the poor "properties" remain, so that poet and pessimist may make their own what is beyond "redemption." Here, too, the moralist may find a place fit for commonplaces; but the moralist perhaps might be more usefully employed if he frequented the "show rooms" of Oxford Street. There he would find less romance and more credit, many a problem for the plain dealer, enough upholstery to pad out a volume of description, and enough of cheap imitation to furnish a "Study" for the author of the *Book of Snobs*.

If, however, you are more interested in man than in metaphors, if you are more interested in life than in living by criticism, if you are capable of co-ordinating facts for the purpose of a wide induction, you may neglect the shops, philosophize at home, or speculate in the houses of others. From the furniture and its arrangement you will learn to divine the history of a

family for a generation or more, with its many members, past fortunes, discarded hobbies, conflicting interests and cupboard skeletons. There is in every house, not newly-furnished, abundant material for meditation; but as you stir up the dust of the past and comprehend the rubbish in a sweeping generalization, see that you take all things into account, lest you stumble over a neglected footstool. And when you leave your house and stir abroad, you may still pursue your hobby. The lover of conventional romance will find his inspiration in Hardwick Hall, or Cothele Manor House, while the plain man may learn to estimate his new neighbors by the bric-à-brac in their drawing-room. The critic strolling through Hertford House will find fresh data for deciding which was the authentic portrait—Lord Steyne or Lord Monmouth; which the truer artist—Thackeray or Beaconsfield. The cynic will amuse himself in the mansion of the millionaire by noting his attempts to live up to his furniture; while the narrow wisdom of Diogenes will be explained by a reference to his contracted environment within a tub.

The study of furniture provides fresh possibilities to philosophers, historians, poets, artists, and preachers. Philosophers may discuss how far the categorical imperative has become inoperative by the evolution of armchairs; or what are the "relations" conditioned by a Chesterfield. The historian may aptly illustrate most of the differences between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries by a heavy oak coffer, richly carved, and a dainty escrutoire, delicately inlaid. We would not counsel the ladies who write verses to emulate Sappho and hymn Aphrodite; but they would find innocent employment if they studied Eliza Cook, penned odes to "an old armchair," and elaborated the sentiments proper to the "household room." Some impressionist paint-

ers might mount the stool of repentance if only they tried to paint stools with the fidelity of Van Ostade, and pianists might learn what they owe to mechanism if they would try to practice on their great-grandmother's spinet. The preacher might turn with advantage from the much controverted question of Church clothes, and find a text in the modern boudoir, worthy the declamation of a Chrysostom. He will not need a golden tongue to do justice to gold and white brocades; and he need not fear the persecution of any Eudoxia, for the modern great lady likes plain speaking, and has realized that denunciation is after all an advertisement.

Furniture then, necessary to every one, offers to every one fruit for meditation. The wise man not only adapts himself to his environment, but endeavors to understand it. When he sits to think in his study chair, he should know what it is that supports him.

II.

The philosophy of furniture need fear no comparison with the philosophy of architecture. Nay! It is the more proper study for man. The wild beast has his den, the bird his nest, man his house. But man has furniture, while beast and bird have none. We should therefore study furniture to discern what is distinctive in man.

Or if we concern ourselves with history, furniture again has the advantage. Architecture lends itself to cold and hard generalizations—we think of the plummet and the line. We talk of history written in stone, but it is history petrified and without life. A monument reminds us of a dead man, but it does not recall him. His empty chair is more significant; and when it is worthily filled he is well represented. We study history that we may extend our life's outlook indefinitely—

though it be backwards; that we may serve ourselves heirs to the ages that are gone; that we may enrich and vary the poor monotony of life by entering into the past and making it present to our minds. We long to recall persons and episodes we wish to see, to know in the concrete: we leave to the writer of text-books the task of summarizing an age. Now a palace is built for a dynasty, but furniture is arranged for the convenience of a day. Furniture, therefore, accords better with the historic imagination. Bacon planned us a house fit for princes, but he did not furnish it. We can compare his theories with Thorpe's practice, and learn the more from Thorpe; but we would give the whole of the "New Atlantis" for a peep into my Lord's laboratory at Gorhambury, and life would be refreshed if Bacon had reflected on the cakes and ale to be found in the still-room of Dame Alice. You tell me, however, of your old house, of corridors echoing with secrets, and chambers tenanted by ghosts. But is it the house or the furniture that holds the treasure of the past? Furnish it anew from Maples' and see if the old-world spirit does not evaporate at once. Ghosts, poor shivering nonentities, love not the modern spirit, and have no "parts" to be gratified with modern luxury. They know but one meaning to the word "brokerage"; and like "brokers" that have failed, they vanish on "change."

Turn, then, from contemplating your Tudor mansion and look upon this little Dutch interior hung in the hall. Here is a "living room" and not the mere abstraction called "a dwelling." It is but of small consequence that a white-capped grandmother nods in that grand old chair, or that the plumed cavalier drinks from the flagon at the old oak board. Do not note that the child hangs perilously forth from the deep-bayed window, or judge the points

*one of the best chairs is called a man
and it offers a respiration to a better
life and action of more lasting reality. a
love for them and remembrance, a safe
family of the own from escaping respect and picking up odds of one's father's life*

of that indifferent dog couchant upon the mat. The figures are not so eloquent as the furniture. These chairs and tables were arranged for an ordered ceremonious family life with which we are unfamiliar. These ornaments, painted with such precision, are not the produce of bazaars, but the heirlooms and the evidence of transmitted taste. That curtain bellying with the wind fixes the moment. Here is the breath of life, and we can add to our years a past into which we can enter with satisfaction. To realize detail in true perspective and proportion is to know the secret of appropriate living.

Returning to the old building, what is it that fascinates us? We do not wish to see it again as it was when the masons left it. We welcome the lichen and the ivy, we love the crumbling mullion, we regret not the broken string-course—why? because they recall the past? No, but because they tell us of the flow of time and humanize for us the mocking permanence of stone. Architecture, in fact, is less interesting because buildings are, or were, built to last. There is a stubborn fixity about them while all things change. They intrude so obviously on the present, and belong so incongruously to the past. Over the gulf between past and present is the bridge of ruin and decay. The sentimental may revel in it beneath the moon; but those who believe in life's purpose, and have a pulse for actuality, would learn from the past a healthier and more inspiring lesson. Past and present are fused together in a furnished room, and harmonize in a mind conscious of its being and retentive of what has been. History is writ more graciously in wood than stone. Wood takes more forms, is more adaptable, condescends to all classes, is less austere, more comfortable and takes an easier polish.

Furniture can be altered, added to,

and variously disposed. Furniture gains in polish and coloring as it advances in age. It endures but it does not decay. When it is broken it is apotheosized in fire. Furniture also can be moved, and in these days of mobility and mutability man cannot carry his house, like a snail, upon his back. But if like Stevenson he is compelled to seek some far-away Valima, he can carry with him the old chairs, he can gaze at the old pictures, and drink out of the same "crystal" as he did at home.

On the other hand we can only study architecture by years of travel. We can never live in the contemplation of much that we admire. But the student of furniture can collect about him movables of every date and every clime, and make his home an exposition of his tastes. Quizzical Horace Walpole could pick up the gauntlet of Francis the chivalrous on his staircase and exchange a nod with the bust of Vespasian in his gallery; he could entertain the Gunnings with china gods, and with goddesses in porcelain; and then retire to his cabinet, "formed upon the idea of a Catholic chapel" (save the mark!) and write *The Castle of Otranto*. You jeer at the old collector. He, at any rate you say, was not philosophic; he knew nothing of inculcating a creed by symbols or teaching morality by metaphors. Horace Walpole, my superior friend, could afford to laugh at himself and at the trinkets he honestly paid for; when you are sufficiently philosophic to pay for what you laugh at, you may collect postage stamps or accumulate "tickets of leave."

III.

Furniture, then, need not fear to rival architecture in interest, and I believe that students of furniture can afford to despise the philosophy of clothes. I do not mean that any one

may despise the philosophy of clothes. Carlyle has opened the seams of sartorial patchwork and drawn out the thread of transcendental mystery with exclamations and ululations and not a little crowing. Had he only turned his attention to furniture the fashion of his philosophic cloak would not have embarrassed him, while the puckers and creases of his humor might not have irritated his readers. Anyhow he would have realized that a man's activity depends more on the comfort of his chair than on the cut of his breeches.

Still, clothes are important, they touch us so closely, fetter the freedom of our movements, enhance our comeliness and cover our uncomely parts. We are hardly ever free of them, modesty requires them, cold necessitates them, rank is expressed by them, character indicated; they fit or misfit us like the circumstances of our life. But is not furniture quite as significant? Sherlock Holmes may detect a policeman by his boots, but many a man has been betrayed by a padded armchair. Seneca tells us in his works what he wished to be; his sumptuous "insula," that excited the envy of Nero, tells us more of what he was. How many tables of cedar, how many ivory cabinets, how many Myrrhene vases were needed to accommodate a philosopher who preached that man should be self-contained? The key to your study, my friend, opens the door to your secrets.

But not only is character revealed by furniture, but furniture is a necessity of ordered life. Carlyle asked us to imagine a naked House of Lords, and convinced us at once that coverings were as necessary to a legislature as circumlocutions; Huxley called on us to conceive of primitive men voting one of their number into a tree for lack of a chair, and we abandoned Locke and laughed at Rousseau, be-

cause we knew that there could be no session of Parliament without seats.

Carlyle wrote upon church clothes in an esoteric spirit. He took us into no actual vestry, for he had never studied in Durandus the symbolic meanings of vestments. Bishop Blougram, on the other hand, has provided us with a creed, or the apology for a creed, in the fittings for a cabin outward bound; and Gibadibs, the literary man, if he bought no cabin furniture, at least, in consequence, put his hand to the plough and "studied his last chapter of St. John." Not every one has preached to so good effect as Sylvester Blougram, in *partibus episcopus*!

But leaving Carlyle wrapt up in his garments, let us take a broader view. What clothes are to the individual, furniture is to the family; and the family is the true unit, for man is a social creature. The artificial upper classes may make much of the importance of the "trousseau," but the unsophisticated poor still talk of getting a home together, and mean by that the purchase of furniture. The rich find that the charm of the "trousseau" ends with the honeymoon; but adding to the furniture of a home affords romance to the poor all their lives.

"On the day that I was born," writes Mr. Barrie, "we bought six hair-bottomed chairs, and in our little house it was an event, the first great victory in a woman's long campaign." He goes on with truth and modesty: "Neighbors came to see the boy and the chairs." The poor measure their lives by the number of their movables, and celebrate a victory in each additional ornament. So real is this pleasure that Cousin Bridget lamented to Ella that they were no longer poor, and, in consequence, no longer desired new luxuries because they could no longer triumph in their purchase.

But all classes, save the newly rich,

have their household gods; and perhaps we may account for the vulgarity of the parvenu by remembering his lack of that old furniture which guards the sanctity of home. Chairs and tables, ornaments of trifling merit, tell us not only of ourselves but of our loved ones. Blatant egotism is reprovéd when we sit in our father's chair, and scribble our memoranda at our great-grandmother's *escritoire*. As links with the past, as linking us with others, we love these evidences of our corporate existence; we love them for themselves, and they have the merit to be as useful as if we loved them not.

We change our clothes so often; we wear them out so soon; we cannot bear to look at our old photographs because they picture us in such ridiculous garments. We turn from them with a fear of being old-fashioned, or worse—unfashionable. With furniture the older it is the better. The clothes of princes go at last to deck a scarecrow, but the cottage dresser decorates a hall in villadom and grows in dignity with age. Our neighbors do not despise us because we inherited our chairs, but what would they say if for a moment they suspected that we wore second-hand clothes? The poor may covet the furbelows and frills of the rich, they may envy the gloss of the black coat and the gleam of the white linen; but even they would prefer new clothes if they could get them, and they are not very grateful for cast-off apparel.

I have seen Laud's cope and Wellington's Waterloo uniform. I have looked over them with veneration, but I have not wished for similar garments. How, on the other hand, I have longed for certain rooms, to see them, to inhabit them, to feel the influence of their refinement. I should like to have shared with St. Jerome, and not with his lion, that sunny scrip-

torium where Dürer drew him writing. I should like to say my prayers at the little faldstool in that quiet neat chamber of St. Ursula, that Carpaccio-painted. I feel that I, too, might have thrilled with the song of the birds had I awakened in Chaucer's bed; and I should have been tempted to no treachery had I stolen from the trunk of Iachimo at midnight to survey Imogen's queenly apartment. This, you say, is mere sentiment. So it is, but are we not all sensitive to our surroundings and the better for their being beautiful? In the Bodleian Library I have felt stir within me the spirit of research, a longing for a scholarship that was not mine. I have drummed on a table beneath Panizzi's dome, impatient for my books, intending rapid reference, and eager to escape—to find more interest in a mummy case and the grotesque furniture of the dead.

All furniture is instructive even when it is not beautiful. Do not despise those chairs and tables of the early Victorian era! Well-made and ill-designed, they tell us of an age when good works and mean thoughts formed terms of alliance in the philosophy of the Utilitarians. Would Teufelsdröckh interpose? Would he maintain that crinolines and chignons are eloquent of a time when women despised God's handiwork, and destroyed their beauty by their own inventions? No, Mein Herr, your teaching is at fault. You have not read Mr. Balfour's argument on Naturalism and *Æsthetic*. Is not he *the* authority on the significance of bonnets?

The historian after all is but the "journeyman joiner" of the past. His craft consists of ingenious dovetailing. His success in part depends on the skill with which he upholsters his scenes. He finds curtains necessary to disguise his ignorance. There was a time when he went astray and strove to reconstruct history by means

of roots, but philology proved a sorry guide. He has now, with better results, sought inspirations from pots; and the incidents painted on broken vases yield many an instructive lesson.

The first clothes that took the form of aprons may antedate all furniture; but furniture remains extant after all clothes have become cobwebs.

There have been historic garments. Gowns have been devised by will; romance has toyed with a glove and flaunted with a scarf; scandal has found occasion in a wardrobe. We could tell anecdotes about Elizabeth's petticoats, the boots of William Rufus, or the sky-blue coat of Robespierre.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

The cope of St. Martin was for long the palladium of France, and more than one nation has suffered an interdict because of a dispute as to a pallium. But even in this field furniture is superior. What a volume might be written on bedsteads (I will not write it lest you sleep), and what can compare in interest with the three great chairs of Christendom—at Westminster, at Aachen, and at Rome? But those three chairs could only be treated properly in a separate essay. They overwhelm my imagination and afford no resting places for my fancies. To think of them aught I pause.

H. Maynard Smith.

TEXTUAL CRITICS AND ENGLISH VERSE.

The concentrated criticism of words and epithets in Virgil and other classic poets often provokes discussion as to the minutiae of poetic technique which excites a certain measure of envy in those precluded from the arena of Latin and Greek scholarship. In our own literature, however, the materials of textual criticism have never been wanting. Variations in reading were a normal characteristic of the ancient manuscript, and of old it behooved the connoisseur to spare no pains in securing a good copy and a sound text. The "mere mechanic art" of copying extending over long hours, not to speak of drowsy intelligences and numbed fingers in a draughty scriptorium, will easily account for deviations without number from an authentic and accredited text; and among the numerous legacies handed on by the old scribes to their successors in the printing office one of the least desirable was the tendency to a progressive deterioration in matters of textual accuracy. This is seen very clearly in the four well-known folio editions of Shake-

speare's plays produced between 1623 and 1685, in which the systematic degradation of the text can be traced in a curve of monotonous regularity. The great printer-emendators of the Continent, such as Aldus Manutius, the Etiennes, the Plantins, and the Elzevirs, found few counterparts in England until in quite recent times the two University presses and such private enterprises as the Kelmescott Press and the Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford-on-Avon have set a really high standard of scholarly supervision over the operations of the composing room. The followers of most human avocations have found in Shakespeare a kindred spirit; and, not to be behind the rest, Mr. Blades once essayed a half-humorous demonstration of the hypothesis that at one period of his life the dramatist must have been a typographer. There is not a little significance, he thinks, in that phrase of Othello's in act III., scene iv., when, taking the moist plump hand of Desdemona into his own hardened palm, he exclaims, "Here's a young and sweat-

ing devil." The meaning that Shakespeare obviously intended to bring out by his use of the word devil was lascivious messenger, and the only trade in which a messenger or errand-boy is called a devil is the printer's. "In olden times," says Blades, "when speed was required a boy stood at the off-side of the press, and as soon as the frisket was raised whipped the printed sheet off the tympan."

Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of these typographical mysteries did not, unhappily, prevent his plays from being very carelessly printed; and, in the absence of either scholarly printers or skilled commentators, the revision of the depraved text of 1685 was set about in a most empirical fashion. An eighteenth century satirist who represented the dramatist lying on the sick bed surrounded by quacks administering one nauseous potion after another, under the influence of which the patient relapses gradually from bad to worse, went hardly beyond the mark in describing emendations such as those of Warburton and Pope. The "wisest fool in Christendom, that second Solomon," King James I., would have probably emended Shakespeare with more discretion than Warburton. Puffed up with the insensate vanity of irrelevant learning, he altered the text with a presumption which nothing short of the most consummate verbal genius could justify, for he followed no system or principle but his own whim. The fool's remark in *Lear* (act III., scene iii.). "I'll speak a prophecy ere I go," he declares to be obscure, and alters thus:—"I'll speak a proph'cy or two, afore I go." The future Bishop had not "prayed his pible well" or he would have recollected the phrase in "Daniel," "or ever they came at the bottom of the den." No less characteristic is his alteration of the "ear-piercing life" in *Othello*, into "fear-spersing life," a change which he

states to be demanded by the interests of euphony! Incredibly worse even than this is the hardy assertion that Puck's phrase in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "Then for the third part of a minute, hence," is nonsense, and should be replaced by "the third part of the midnight." Such proposals as these, which meet the reader on every page of his edition, well merited the savage irony of Thomas Edwards's "Canons of Criticism." His most tolerable emendation, perhaps, is that in *Henry IV., First Part* (II., iv.), in which he suggests that in Prince Henry's "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? Pitiful-hearted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sun"! for "pitiful-hearted Titan" we should read "pitiful-hearted butter." This, at least, has some plausibility about it; but any suggestion from the mint of Warburton is justly regarded as suspect, and the change has not been made in the best editions. The same fate, oblivion, has befallen the more ingenious but yet not quite conclusive suggestion, by one of Warburton's shrewder predecessors, Hanmer, that in Gonzalo's exclamation in the first scene of *The Tempest*, "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything!" for "long heath," &c., we should read "ling, heath, broom, furze, anything."

Neither Rowe nor Pope took so much trouble with the text as is implied by an emendation of this order; they confined themselves mainly to correcting obvious misprints, omitting a few words which they could not understand, dividing unbroken acts into scenes, and prefixing *dramatis personæ*. Pope preluded these rather perfunctory if not wholly useless labors by a pretentious preface in which he claimed the gratitude of the intelligent world for his feats in comparing and purifying the corrupted text. As Warbur-

ton's preface some years later exasperated Edwards, so Pope's empty bragging and easy patronage aroused from his lair the Porson of Shakespearian criticism, Lewis Theobald. Men such as Rowe and Pope were obviously editors chosen by booksellers on no other ground than that of bearing the best known names among the writers of their day. Could we but lay hands upon the hundreds of copies of the First Folio which have in the process of 300 years been lost to observation we have little doubt but that we should be able to accumulate a sum total of emendations far eclipsing those of Rowe and Pope in value. The suggestions in the margin of one of the extant copies made by some private reader of the seventeenth century were communicated by Mr. Sidney Lee to the *Athenæum* in an interesting paper of August 19, 1899, and show an understanding and sympathy with Shakespeare beyond the range of our two "Augustan" poets. The following, in the speech of Hamlet to his mother, is a favorable example of these marginalia:—

For in the fatness of this pursie time
Virtue itself of vice must pardon begge
Yea coub and woe for leave to do him
good.

Against coub in the margin the unknown commentator wrote "couch." The meaning in either case is the same, or nearly the same, couch meaning to cringe (as in Cæsar's phrase "these couchings and these lowly courtesies") and coub, presumably from the French courber, to bow. But couch is used elsewhere in Shakespeare in this sense, whereas coub is what Cowper calls a *ne plus*. This may thus fairly be taken as a good example of a useful, though neither brilliant nor conclusive, emendation.

For specimens of both these species we go naturally to Theobald, who, in

his "Shakespeare Restored" of 1725, stood up as the champion of trained students and Shakespeare lovers against the *réclame* of such editors as Rowe and Pope, thus inaugurating the first of the Punic wars of Shakespearian criticism. It is a fact insufficiently remembered that the most famous of all Shakespeare emendations was due in the first place to the marginal note of some private reader. Against the dying words of Falstaff as narrated by Mrs. Quickly in *Henry V.* according to the letter of the First Folio, "His nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields," he had penned the note "Query, and a talk't of greene fields." Theobald saw this, and by a rapid inspiration converted the emendation into "and a babled of green fields." If not the most convincing, this is probably the most brilliant guess in the whole field of Shakespearian emendation. In the quality of conclusiveness it is surpassed by several of Theobald's unaided efforts, such as the substitution of autumn for "Antonie," as printed in the folios, in Cleopatra's panegyric of her paramour's bounty—

There was no winter in't; an autumn
t'was
That grew the more by reaping.

a conjecture (as unerring as "Antonie" is obviously corrupt) which has been universally adopted; or the subtler yet equally felicitous substitution of window-lawne for the unmeaning "window-Barne" of the folios in the passage in *Timon* describing

those milk-paps
That through the window-lawne bore
at men's eyes.

The manifest lack of authorized "copy" or editorial supervision of Shakespeare's printed work furnished some excuse for the presumption of Warburton, but no such extenuation is

possible in the case of Dr. Bentley's amazing outrages upon the text of *Paradise Lost*. It was certainly in a most unhappy hour of 1732 that the great scholar, at the request of Queen Caroline, was rash enough to consent to bring out such an edition. He understood neither the language nor the rhythm of Milton, and his conjecture that passages had been interpolated by a fraudulent editor taking advantage of the poet's blindness was as groundless as his critical emendations are preposterous. These last are as frequent as those of Warburton and not less inept. It is at best possible to call them senile where we should term Warburton's grotesque; and, even then, it is by no means certain that the harsher term should not be applied to such pointless meddling as that which would have substituted "the wealth of Hermes and of Tage" for "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," "four sturdy cherubim" for "four speedy cherubim" (on the ground that speed was not needed in a trumpeter), "a crue of Hell-hounds" for "a cry of Hell-hounds," and "no light but rather a transpicious gloom" for "no light but rather darkness visible." Had the same venom been engendered by Miltonic study that marks every stage of Shakespearian controversy Bentley's last days would have been embittered by the learned Dr. Zachary Pearce's "Review" of his Text. But Pearce, with a combination of qualities sufficiently rare in a critic, knew how to be scathing and respectful at the same time. His "Review" succeeded in convincing posterity that Milton was not a school-boy whose verses needed the drastic corrections of a college tutor. His verse needs not correction but collation, and not too much of that. A suspicion that they may have been overcollated is, indeed, the only fault that could be adduced against the best

modern texts, such as that, for instance, of Dr. Aldis Wright, who, not content with the printed line—

Who would not sing for Lycidas? He
knew
Himself to sing—

must needs introduce "well" before knew, because it occurs in two of the Trinity College MSS. If it be the poet's insertion at all, we may be assured that "He *well* knew" was a complimentary rather than a poetic afterthought.

Perilous indeed is the adventure of the commentator who undertakes by editorial labor to "improve" the text of such masters of their craft as Milton, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, or Tennyson. The spelling and punctuation of Keats need attention; but, apart from this, perhaps the only two modern English poets who greatly repay the textual commentator are Shelley and Cowper. The text of Shelley suffered exceptionally in two ways. In many cases his poems were printed abroad, the strain upon the vigilance of the author revising for press being thereby increased fourfold. Or, again, they were published after the poet's death from varying, unpunctuated, and often very confused manuscripts. In writing to his friends or for press Shelley's handwriting, as a rule, was conspicuously neat and scholarly; but it was far otherwise when he was preparing the first drafts of his poems—usually in some desert place among the woods. Trelawny expressly says of one of his MS. ("Lines to a Lady. With a Guitar") that it was a frightful scrawl; "words smeared out with his finger and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in a most admired disorder; it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh, overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks." Many of the faults thus occasioned were silently

corrected by Mrs. Shelley in 1839 and later. In "The Cloud," for instance, which represents the most dazzling qualities of Shelley's technique, the printed text originally ran—

From my wings are shaken the dew
that waken
The sweet birds every one.

Much less satisfactory is the alteration made by the Clarendon Press editors in "Love's Philosophy"; no MS. authority will suffice to convince a lover of poetry that

What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

is wrong, and that the first line should read

What is all this sweet work worth.

Though the received text is often difficult, the extreme ideality of Shelley's epithets renders the task of emendation in his case a singularly elusive one. It is well nigh impossible to say what Shelley may *not* have meant, and, in the poetic cloudland through which he so often soars, instinct seems four times out of five a better guide than reason. So great a Shelley-lover as "B.V." Thomson suggested that in "The Skylark" for "Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun" we should read "embodied joy"; but a joy incarnate was surely precisely what Shelley did *not* mean. Such minute analysis reveals, it may be, a good many flaws both in the thought and expression of a great poet, but it also poises us in such a manner that we are able to perceive hitherto undreamt of beauties. It certainly does not lead us to minimize the difficulties of emendation. It leads us to shun the self-assurance of a critic often so acute as Mr. J. M. Robertson, who, after making alterations, rash to extremity, in one of the most delicate of

Shelley's fragments, remarks, with truly amazing self-complacency, "These changes made, the poem is practically perfect." What are the "changes"?

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wall, for the world's wrong!

"Perfection" is accomplished by changing "when" in line 3 to "who in," "knells" to "knellst," and "stain" to "strain." The first two changes are perfectly needless, and Shelley, we may be sure, would never have evicted a blemish (such as "stain") to make way for a commonplace.

Cowper polished his verse assiduously and corrected it for press himself. But he was not so accurate a corrector as the finish of his verse and his fondness for altering it would suggest. He wrote out slightly different versions of his pieces for various correspondents. Many of these MSS. are still extant, but it is often far from easy to decide which was the final version preferred by the poet. Cowper thoroughly enjoyed verse-making, which he regarded as a recreation just as he regarded his gardening and walking, the making of boxes, or the taming of hares; but, a great poet almost in his own despite, he was far too modest to think consciously of the final "text" of his poems. This his commentators and critics have had to do for him, and the result has been a school of editors, more jealous for the poet than the poet himself, who have refined the printed text very considerably. How well this process has repaid its more ardent votaries is well seen in the recent edition of "The Poems," by Mr. J. C. Bailey. Such emendation differs wholly in character

and requires different faculties from those demanded for the successful emendation of Shakespeare or Shelley. But, within its limits, it is more perfectly successful than either. As in the case of translation, the blessing of emendations is commonly to the emendator, but this is not always the case. For the study of emendation under a skilled practitioner is often not merely an incentive to a closer reperusal of a great poet, but an introduction to new methods of study and an enhanced appreciation of the finer issues of poetic

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workmanship. Minuter acquaintance commonly engenders a closer affection, and closer affection almost invariably begets a sound conservatism in textual matters. Conservatism may be pushed too far, as some scholars are inclined to think it was in the case of two such admittedly great critics as Professor Conington and the late Alexandre Beljame. Yet, when all is said, where the better is so usually an enemy to the best, conservatism remains perhaps the least unamiable of all a textual critic's foibles.

ABOUT OPSONINS.

To that "patient omnivore," as Huxley termed him, the general reader, the term "Opsonin" is not likely to be familiar. Truth to tell, it is a word which only of late days has come to be figured forth in scientific circles. It represents the outcome of a remarkable series of investigations such as may be destined to affect human welfare in no unimportant degree where the diagnosis and cure of disease are concerned. The story of "Opsonins" begins with a piece of physiological history which in itself is not only of high interest but proved to be of epoch-making nature.

Professor Metchnikoff of Paris, so closely associated with Pasteur, and head of the laboratory named after that celebrated scientist, announced years ago his discovery that the white corpuscles of the blood of animals possessed a singular power of attacking and destroying germs which had gained admittance to their bodies. We might profitably go back in the story to 1843 or thereabouts, because it was then that Dr. Augustus Waller announced to the world his discovery that special movements of white blood-corpuscles could be witnessed when the

blood-vessels in the web of the frog's foot were observed under the microscope. The corpuscles were seen by him gradually to push their soft living bodies through the walls of the fine blood-vessels, and to escape into the surrounding tissues. He further noted that under certain circumstances, a literal rush of corpuscles took place, though the meaning of this increased activity was not then appreciated. To this migration of white blood-corpuscles from the blood-stream into the tissues, Dr. Waller gave the name of "diapedesis." There can be no doubt of the correctness of his observations. The process can be watched by any expert microscopist, and it tallies with all we know regarding the history of the white blood-corpuscles themselves. Looking through the clear body of a water-flea which has been invaded by microscopic green plants common in fresh water, the battle between the white cells of its blood and the plants can be witnessed with ease. Here it is a case of a veritable fight for life: for, if the blood corpuscles succeed in conquering the plants, the water-flea survives, but if the plants increase too rapidly, the white corpuscles are de-

feated and the animal dies. If we give the water-flea a chance or advantage in respect of the struggle, by removing it to clearer water devoid of its plant foes, the white blood-corpuscles soon make a clearance of the enemy.

This discovery of Dr. Waller's introduces us to that of Metchnikoff, already mentioned. The latter carried the matter a step beyond that at which Dr. Waller halted. In the day of the latter, little or nothing was known of germs or microbes as the causes of disease, so that it was left for an after-generation to build a very notable superstructure on the Wallerian foundation. Metchnikoff demonstrated that the real cause of the movements and migrations of the white blood-corpuscles is the curious instinct which leads them to give battle to microbes which have invaded the animal body. In higher animals, as in the water-flea, they act as a veritable sanitary police force called into action by any circumstance which threatens the welfare of the body. In order to understand this latter point more readily, it is necessary to glance at the constitution of the blood itself. Blood consists of a fluid part—the real blood—which is as clear as water, and is called the "serum" or "plasma," and of solid parts, the "corpuscles," or as they are often popularly but erroneously named, the "globules." Leaving certain nice distinctions out of sight, we find the blood-corpuscles to present us with two varieties, red and white. With the red ones we have no concern. They are the gas-carriers of the blood, conveying pure oxygen for the body's nutrition, and carrying back the waste carbonic-acid gas to the lungs to be breathed out of the frame. The white corpuscles are very different things. Each measures on an average the one two-thousand-five-hundredth part of an inch in diameter. It is essentially a

minute living being, for its body consists of a speck of protoplasm, and it really represents as typical a unit of the bodily commonwealth as, for example, a cell of the liver or one of the brain. If we watch the behavior of a white corpuscle on a specially prepared microscopic slide, we can see it move across the field of vision by contractions and expansions of its protoplasm, so that it might be legitimately described as literally flowing from one shape to another, never at one moment presenting exactly the same shape it showed the moment before. Now, if a small solid particle fall in its way, the corpuscle can be seen to surround it with its soft body, to engulf it, and to devour it. This is its manner of nourishing itself. So closely does it resemble in these respects the way of certain animalcules of the ditches, that its movements have been called "amoeboid movements," because the *Amœba*, a well-known microscopic organism, exhibits them in typical fashion.

If we transfer the white blood-corpuscle to its native surroundings, and suppose it living in the blood-fluid, we can easily imagine how it discharges the functions Waller and Metchnikoff describe as its natural duties. It is in virtue of its living nature that it can push its way through the yielding walls of the finer blood-vessels, and by reason of the same quality that it can attack, surround, and devour microbes as its food. Curious is it to think that cells which in very low animals perform the natural process of digestion should find their representatives—one might even say their direct descendants—in the shape of the millions of white blood-corpuscles contained in a single higher body repeating an ancestral duty, but one modified in the direction of protecting their owner from the attack of disease-producing microbes.

Metchnikoff made many and impor-

tant observations on the white blood-corpuscles, to which the name of "phagocytes," or "eating cells" has been very generally applied. He has shown, for example, that the vanishing of the tail of the tadpole is really due to the useless structure being eaten away by the phagocytes. The roots of a child's first teeth are similarly disposed of that they may easily drop out and make way for their successors. But the work of the white blood-cells is most certainly focussed in their function of destroying microbes, and of contributing to the healing and repair of wounds and injuries at large. Experiment shows that if the web of a frog's foot be inoculated with microbes, the white blood-cells may be seen to issue forth in numbers from the blood-vessels in the neighborhood of the injury, and attack them. The bacilli or germs can be seen engulfed within the bodies of the phagocytes as a preliminary to their ultimate destruction. When the battle is very fierce, two or more phagocytes will join together, thus rendering mutual aid in the combat against the invaders.

When we study the process familiarly known as "inflammation," we find the most perfect illustration at once of the duties of the white blood-cells and of the new phase and meaning of a common occurrence which are revealed by research. "Inflammation" is a process which follows upon a large variety of injuries, and which marks the onset and course of many diseases, from a scratch on the finger to an inflammation of the lungs. The ancients were very familiar with this process. They categorically summed up its chief symptoms just as we observe them to-day, in the four words, heat, redness, swelling, and pain. It was long the custom to regard inflammation as constituting a disease in and by itself. To-day we recognize clearly enough that the process can at the most be

described as one introductory to a diseased state, and, what is more to the point, as a process much more nearly related to the action of healing and cure than to that of disease itself. Given a simple scratch, and the phagocytes stimulated by the injury to the tissues will come hurrying to the scene of the accident like ambulance men, eager to assist in the removal of any deleterious matter, and to give their aid in the healing process and in the formation of the new tissue, the production of which will complete the cure. But given a scratch that inoculates the finger with "dirt," which is only another name for microbes, and the nature of inflammation becomes clearer to us. In a few hours the finger will begin to feel painful; its temperature will rise; it will appear red and "inflamed," and it will exhibit swelling. Later on, if we puncture the swelling, we shall find a yellow fluid, which we name "pus," or "matter," escaping from the puncture.

Now, to what are the symptoms of inflammation due? The plain answer is, that they represent the results of a great migration of phagocytes from the blood-vessels, destined to attack, and if possible remove, the infective particles which threaten to do us injury. The inflammation, in this view, is the evidence of a battle being fought in our favor, and often with very long odds against us. If our phagocytes gain a complete victory, we escape the suppuration which we saw to result in the shape of the "festering" finger. If, on the other hand, they sustain defeat, they will fight on, leaving their dead behind. It is the dead white blood-cells, which have fallen in the fray, which constitute the "pus" or "matter" we find in wounds. One cannot summarize this wonderful story more graphically than in the words of Mr. J. Bland Sutton, F.R.C.S., when he says that the story of inflammation should

be likened to a battle "The leucocytes (another name for the white blood-cells) are the defending army, their roads and lines of communication the blood-vessels. Every composite organism maintains a certain proportion of leucocytes as representing its standing army." The body invaded by microbes or other irritants has its telegraph system in the shape of certain nerves, whereby the white blood-cells are called to arms, and, as Mr. Sutton remarks, sometimes recruits arrive in obedience to the call, to the number of twenty or even forty times the normal standard. Then, he continues, "in the conflict the cells die, and often are eaten by their companions; frequently the slaughter is so great that the tissue becomes burdened by the dead bodies of the soldiers in the form of pus, the activity of the cell being testified by the fact that its protoplasm often contains bacilli, &c., in various stages of destruction. These dead cells, like the corpses of soldiers who fall in battle, later become hurtful to the organism they in their lifetime were anxious to protect from harm, for they are fertile sources of septicæmia and pyæmia (blood-poisoning) — the pestilence and scourge so much dreaded by operative surgeons.

Such is the story which forms the natural prologue to the history of "Opsonins." For many a day after the publication of Metchnikoff's discoveries regarding the germ-killing power of the phagocytes, it was held that these living cells alone accomplished the duty of disposing of troublesome invaders. Later on, other opinions were advanced to the effect that while the phagocytes did undoubtedly accomplish their work in the direction indicated, they demanded aid to that end from an outside source. This source was indicated and represented by the plasma or blood-fluid itself. The fluid part of the blood had long been known to pos-

sess germ-killing properties, but the extent of its powers in this direction had not been duly determined, nor had the important point been settled whether the plasma as a whole or only part thereof aided the white blood-cells in their forays on microbes. Metchnikoff never wavered in his opinion that the phagocytes were, of themselves, and unaided, capable of effecting all that was required in clearing the deck of the living ship of its foes; but it was generally admitted that the true place of the blood-fluid, and the possible part it might play in the germ-killing work, were points which deserved close investigation. Researches made prior to the year 1903 gave cause for the belief in the importance of the blood-plasma in whole or in part, but it was in the year just named that very important investigations were undertaken with the view to determining the exact status of the blood-fluid in work of bactericidal kind.

Drs. Wright and Douglas of St. Mary's Hospital, London, undertook a piece of research conducted on lines somewhat different from those on which previous work of this nature had been carried on. They proceeded first of all by the aid of delicate processes to separate the blood-corpuscles from the blood-fluid. The white blood-cells were thus kept in a medium or fluid of neutral kind, while the blood-fluid itself on the other hand was obtained free from its corpuscles. Next in order, an emulsion of certain microbes capable of producing disease was made in a solution of salt. When the phagocytes, alive, of course, in their neutral fluid, were allowed access to the germs they did not attack them. It was as if two contending armies had been brought face to face, waiting to attack, but restrained by some negotiations proceeding between the commanders. The case was at once altered, and the battle began, when the

experimenters brought the separated blood-fluid into the field. Added to the germs and to the phagocytes, these elements, which had been "spoiling for a fight," joined issue, and the white blood-cells performed their normal work of microbe-baiting. There was but one inference to be drawn from these facts. Clearly, the addition of the blood-fluid supplied some condition or other necessary for the development of the fighting powers of the cells, and such a conclusion forces our mind backwards in time to the recollection of the views already noted, that the phagocytes themselves were not the sole agents concerned in the work of microbe-killing, but that the blood-fluid also exerted a decided influence and effect in the performance of that work.

Our investigators are of opinion that the real source of the power possessed by the blood-fluid or "plasma" is to be sought and found in substances contained therein and called "Opsonins." We can now appreciate the meaning of this term. It is derived from the classic verb for catering, for preparing food, or for providing food. The view taken of opsonic action justifies the use of the word, for it is believed that these substances perform their share of the germ-destroying work, not by urging on or stimulating the phagocytes to the attack, but, on the contrary, by acting on the microbes, by weakening their powers of resistance, and by rendering them the easy prey of the white blood-cells. The "Opsonins" are carried by the blood-stream everywhere, and it is when they come in contact with any microbe-colonies in the body that they exert their specific action on the germs. It would almost seem as if they partially cooked the microbes, or shall we say stupefied them, in order to render them less effective antagonists of the phagocytes for whom they cater as it were. In this connection

it is very curious to note that Metchnikoff himself, years ago, seems in a measure to have unconsciously anticipated the opsonic theory. We find him telling us that he injected living eggs of a sea-urchin into the body of a transparent sea-slug, known as *Phyllirhœ*. These eggs were not eaten by the phagocytes of the mollusc, but if boiled eggs of the sea-urchin were introduced the phagocytes quickly seized upon them and devoured them. It would seem as if the boiling acted here after the fashion of the "Opsonins" elsewhere, the experiment with the sea-slug being perhaps more typically "opsonic" in the sense of the term "catering for" than that which nature performs on her own account.

The idea that the more active our white blood-cells are, and the more extensive and complete their work, the greater the amount of "Opsonins" present, is one which seems to be founded on a rational basis. This view regards these substances as the real cause of phagocytic activity. That "Opsonins" furthermore appear to possess definite degrees of power seems proved by the observation that a person's blood may contain sufficient to deal with one disease in the way of stimulating the phagocytes to work, while the same quantity would not equal half that required to effect a satisfactory attack on another and different disease.

What has been called the "opsonic index" of a person is the standard, if so we may call it, or measure of his germ-killing power, in so far as the amount of "Opsonins" contained in his blood is concerned. By a technical procedure and calculation the experimenter can compute the opsonic power of a given specimen of blood. An example has been given of a patient who was the subject of frequent attacks of boils, extending over a pe-

riod of four years. The infection here was due to the invasion of a well-known microbe, the *Staphylococcus pyogenes*. The normal "opsonic index" is given as 1.0, that is the amount of "Opsonins" present in a healthy body; that of the patient was represented by the lessened or abnormal figure 0.5, so that his blood exhibited just half the quantity of "Opsonins" necessary to pave the way for successful phagocytic attack on the germs of his ailment. It is possible to increase the quantity of "Opsonins" in the blood by certain technical procedures, and in the case just noted this was effected with the result of a cure of the troublesome ailment.

Such a statement brings us last of all face to face with the practical, that is, the disease-curing, aspect of the opsonic theory. This aspect is already receiving attention, and the results already attained in the case of tuberculosis are of a significant and hopeful character; and not only so, but in that

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all-important matter, the diagnosis of disease—a task often of highly difficult nature—"Opsonins" are likely to play a prominent part. These matters belong to the technical phases of the subject, and it is sufficient for us simply to know something of these recent investigations which have shown us in a new sense that "the blood is the life." Will the future of science place within medical hands substances derived from the blood itself—"Opsonins," which will specifically give our white blood-cells the power to conquer the different grave diseases that attack us? or shall we be shown how, by godly living in a physical sense, we may increase or maintain the opsonic standard of the blood, and thus secure freedom from disease invasion?—who can tell? At the very least, and as the opsonic theory stands to-day on the threshold of its development, it presents us with a new chapter in the romance of Science.

Andrew Wilson, Ph.D., M.B.

THE MIGRATION OF MURTAGH GILLIGAN.

I.

In the chilly gray of the summer dawn Murtagh Gilligan was wakened by something skirling and croaking down his chimney. It was an early-rising jackdaw, which, having with fateful consequences thoroughly roused the reluctant sleeper, flew away out of his story. Murtagh got up at once, and made his way cautiously out of doors, not because he felt any wish to explore his new, hateful surroundings, but merely because it seemed intolerable to lie still and think how far he was from Barnadrum. All the day before he had spent, to his sorrow, in journeying eastward across the width of Ireland. An outside-car at each end, with an interminable train in the space be-

tween, had carried him through scenes which he had not the heart to notice, and dusk had blurred everything by the time he neared his destination.

Now as he stood at the little green wooden gate, he looked about him with small curiosity, so firmly was he convinced that in his lost Barnadrum alone could life be worth living. The fact that he had known no other place in his five and twenty years did but strengthen this conviction. He could not be said to have chosen a propitious moment for his first survey of prejudged Portcormac. It was that trying hour before sunrise when in the lack-lustre twilight everything wears a drearily unreal aspect, meaningless somehow, and yet menacing. Murtagh

saw a flat stretch of tilled land, with a sprinkling of cottages and trees. Close at hand the fields were large and square, divided by low, straight hedges, and mostly filled with cabbages and turnips. "Faix, but it's the quare, ugly, unnathural lookin' little dog-hole," he said to himself. "I wisht the divil was sailin' away wid the half of it before ever I set eyes on it."

The country he had quitted is partly spread in wide moorlands, and crumpled partly into peaks and glens, so that its wild spaciousness abounds with small sheltering nooks, one of which had been his own and his forefathers' for the dear knows how long between them all. Certainly the accumulated regrets of many generations seemed to weigh upon Murtagh's spirit as his thoughts turned toward the little house under the hill. With more clearness than meets the bodily eye he beheld the fleck of white and brown against the grassy steep, dappled with furze and boulders; it was as if the sweeping slope had receded into a hollow just for the accommodation of the Gilligans' abode. Murtagh, at any rate, felt that he had left the single spot on earth into which he fitted, and to which he belonged by rights. Beyond it the whole world was as unsuitable for a dwelling-place as the lonesome ocean that, not many roods from his door, rounded off everything to the westward with a hazy rim.

And here, by the same token, he deseried a few fields off the familiar watery curve, dimly colorless in the pale gloaming, but not to be mistaken, nor yet to be recognized without a gleam of pleasure. Though Murtagh had no great love for the sea as such, he could not in this allen region fail to find something consoiatory in the sight of any accustomed object; and he made for it straightway, down a lane bordered by furrows set thick with their thriving crops. To his mind they

had a vile, outlandish appearance. He felt several degrees less dejected when he presently found himself on the strand, where the crude, harsh smell of the turnips yielded place to those ocean-odors by old acquaintance endeared. It was a rough beach, sloping in ill-defined terraces of shingle, strewn with large stones, on one of which he seated himself, and stared out, across the still, floor-like water. Oftentimes had he sat just so among the wrack-wreathed boulders on summer evenings at home; with the difference, it is true, that then he was at home, so thoroughly as to have his house in view very close by if he turned his head. In fact it had been a favorite diversion of his boyhood to watch until the broad disc of the setting sun touched the water's rim, and then scamper up the footslope to reach his door before the scarlet fireball had quite gone under. Generally he had easily won that race, run with his elongated shadow sliding on before him, to shoot up against the white wall, and in the dark room he would always find his mother busy about supper at the hearth, red as if with brands plucked from the fading west. He thought of it now, and added the reflection that here was no sunseting, but a miserable and undesired dawn. The sun, no doubt, would by and by be swinging up over the dismal fields behind him, and weary hours must pass before he could hope for even the poor comfort of seeing yonder horizon flush with the end of an exile's day.

Thinking thus, he chanced to raise his eyes, and there was a small arc of fiery gold low down in the leaden gray haze far out on the utmost verge. As he stared at this half incredulously, it rose and grew, lifting itself up higher, and rounding itself into a full orb, burning raylessly. Beyond question the sun was coming up out of the sea. An unutterable horror rushed

over Murtagh at this sight. If it had trundled itself towards him across the water's face, the portent would have seemed scarcely more startling and astounding. Perhaps, indeed, he had actually learned enough from his school-books to know that such a thing could be explained scientifically; but this did not alter its bewildering novelty in his own personal experience, or diminish his dismay. "The sun to be risin' itself up wrongways out of the say in place of goin' down. Saw you ever the like of that?" he protested to his lonely self. "Och, but it's the unnathural place altogether. Stoppin' in it is what I won't be for man or mortal. Sure if Herself knew the quareness of it, she wouldn't ax me, sorra bit of her would. And the rest of them may say what they please. The fine fool I was to be mindin' them, troth was I."

He turned his back abruptly on the misplaced sun, which began to pursue him with quivering ruddy shafts, and before he had traversed the short lane he had firmly made up his mind that he would start for Barnadrum without delay. The promptness of his resolve much favored the chances of his acting on it, as the lapse of a few days would probably have wrought a melancholy acquiescence in his lot, whence he might have lacked energy to emerge. His first steps would now cost him but little trouble, the end of them was what bothered him, and that it well might do so could be easily understood by any one acquainted with the circumstances in which he had left home.

Ere that came to pass there had been an incredible amount of argument about it and about in the little dwelling huddled below Knocknagee. A large share of the talk had been done by Lizzie, the rather newly-married wife of Murtagh's elder brother, Christy. She was one of the Aherns, who had the name of possessing tongues

like the clapper of a mill. All through the spring and early summer her theme had constantly been what a pity it was to see a fine young man like Murt wasting his time in such a poor, backward place as Barnadrum, where the most he could do was scarce worth his victuals; and thence she had gradually proceeded to how far better would be his chances if he were working on her cousins' farm in the county Louth, where they wanted another hand, since the last brother went to the States, and where they would a deal liefer employ somebody belonging to respectable people than a stranger, who might turn out a rogue on them for aught they could tell. In this view Lizzie was supported, half-heartedly, by her husband, whom she appraised as "a big, soft gob of good nature," and volubly by all her own kin, who were numerous among the neighbors. But the little old woman who sat in the chimney-corner never added a word to the chorus of exhortation, and Lizzie was not slow to perceive that as long as his mother kept silence, Murtagh would be urged in vain. Lizzie, indeed, seldom was slow about perceiving things into which it behooved her to pry, and she had sufficient reasons, mere fact being by no means indispensable, when she soon adopted a habit of expatiating much to her mother-in-law on the wonderful fancy that Murt had taken for Andy Loughlin's youngest daughter, Biddy. Old Mrs. Gilligan had occasionally expressed a wish that Murt might find a good wife before she herself got her death with the rheumatism and asthma, which made her health precarious. But a vague and invisible good wife was one thing, and that red-headed girl of ould Andy Loughlin's quite another. Who were the Loughlins, bedad? cock them up—and she never had any liking for that Biddy at all. So Murtagh presently learned,

with grief, that his mother had come round to everybody else's opinion about the advisability of his departure.

And the worst of it was that he knew how right they were, in a way. There really was not employment for two men on the shred of a holding, now mostly mountainy land, fit only for sheep, since Lawson the grazier had somehow come by their two best fields on their father's death. Christy could easily get on without him, and he would be far more use away earning and saving up money to buy a bit of stock, than stopping in it, and eating the worth of every hand's turn he did. Besides that he might be able to send home many an odd trifle that *Herself* was at a loss for in the winter. He had said something of this to Lizzie, when he was beginning to face the dreadful enterprise, whereupon she had drawn such a picture of the comfort in which his mother would abide during his absence, and the years which he would thus add to her life, that it had gone far towards evicting him. Moreover, Lizzie in a jocular, good-humored way threw out hints about the charms of Biddy Loughlin, which no doubt made it hard for him to think of leaving; and these again gave him, as the jester intended, a strong shove in the same direction. So he had at length set forth desperately from an excited village, for his long hesitation had been watched with interest by the neighbors. Some of them predicted his speedy return, notwithstanding that the price of three sheep at Ballynaughton fair had been laid out upon his travelling expenses. The consideration of that pecuniary sacrifice weighed less heavily with him than the sense that he was fulfilling those prophecies; the foreknowledge of how folk would "rise the laugh on him," while Lizzie would account with intolerable facetiousness for his untimely reappearance. Undoubtedly

much wrath and ridicule awaited him at Barnadrum.

Though all this did not now avail to dissolve the purpose which had crystallized so swiftly as he stood by the reddening sea, it did modify his proceedings, for it disposed him to travel slowly. Speed was, it is true, put out of his power by the fact that his sense of honor impelled him to make his hosts, the MacFarlanes, the utmost amends he could, lest they should have been caused any expense or inconvenience by his change of plans. Murtagh's desire ever was to be what his Gaelic-speaking neighbors called *flahool* in all his dealings, and he handed over his one-pound note to old Peter MacFarlane with an air which conveyed the impression that such things grew like leaves on the trees at Barnadrum, and that he only regretted not having happened to bring more of them along with him. But as in truth it represented considerably more than half his cash in hand, the transaction strictly limited his choice of the means by which he would recross Ireland, and quite excluded railways. Still there were, of course, possibilities of loitering on foot. Then, as at the first sizable town into which he tramped he provided himself with a pound of the dearest tea for his mother, the number of his shillings was reduced very seriously, considering the ways and days that lay before him. This seemed to prescribe haste, and he did make the first stages of his journey in immensely long forced marches, though less from dread of failing supplies than from a wish to get as quickly as might be out of that doleful region, with its strange-spoken people, and deplorable lack of bog-lands, or anything you could give the name of a hill.

II.

By the time that Murtagh came once more among reassuring turf-stacks his

brown, Spanish-looking visage had grown pinched and peaked, from, in a measure, much exercise and scanty fare, but chiefly from the workings of an anxious mind. Often it kept him waking distressfully as he passed the night in the shelter of some dyke or rick, where he would have been well enough content, had not concern about the future driven away his dreams. For while the smell of the turf-smoke on the air, and the gradually more home-like aspect of the country-side, seemed to whet the edge of his longing for Barnadrum, they also made him forecast more vividly the details of his reception there. He saw himself walking up the steep boreen, which runs between high furzy banks into a little settlement of cabins called the Town. He heard somebody shout: "Here's Murt Gilligan comin' along," and knew that every half-door in view would forthwith frame an amazed beholder of his approach, and that he would have to answer as best he might the awkward questions, and meet with what spirit he could muster the more or less friendly sallies of the neighbors.

That would be disagreeable enough, but graver far were the troubles he foreboded at home, where amazement and amusement would anon give place to wrath, not unreasonable, considering "the sum of money he was after as good as throwing behind the fire on them"—thus Lizzie would word it, and Christy would back her up with inarticulate sounds of contempt. About his mother's reception of him he was less clear. Glad to see him he very well knew that she would be; yet he had reason to apprehend an underlying regret in her gladness. Keen was his recollection of how on his last day at home, when she had wrung his heart by wistful, belated hints that he might yet change his mind, he had tried to cheer themselves up with ex-

travagant views of the splendid things which would be coming for her by parcel post to Clonbeg office while he was away, and the others which he would return bearing one of these days. It was impossible for him to say how much she might be counting upon those promises, the fulfilment of which had now dwindled into a packet of tea. And even this was doomed to disaster by his foolish precipitancy in burdening himself with it at such an early stage of his journey.

One morning as he was coming near a small village, where he intended to get his breakfast, he passed an old country woman in a large black cloak with a wide-frilled white cap under the hood, and two or three brilliant little fringed shawls above it. A moment afterwards she laid a hand on his arm. "You're sowin' your tay, good lad," she said, and, sure enough, all along the path he had come by lay a thin, black line of his precious parched leaves. A rent in the blue paper bag had been made by a sharp stone on which he had unwarily laid down his bundle over night, in the shed a mile away; and an unlucky hole in the red cotton covering had let the tea trickle through so steadily that only a few good-for-nothing grains were left. His home-coming was bereft of its one poor triumph.

All these vexations disposed Murtagh to dawdle on his road as long as he could supply his wants, which were few and compressible. He was following the hay-harvest westward to districts whither it came later and later. Every now and then he stopped to do a day's mowing or rick-building, whereby he earned what paid his way on a further tramp. By the time he was almost on the borders of his own country, however, where he began to recognize objects familiar not only in kind but as individuals, meadows had grown rare, and the demand for labor-

ers proportionately small. Nevertheless as he plodded, lag-foot, up and down hill, with a sound of jibes and reproaches yet unuttered tingling in his ears, he formed a plan the carrying out of which hinged upon the possibility of his finding field-work. He would take up his quarters, he thought, in one of the old ruined shanties away at the back of Knocknagee, with a good long step between him and home, still not so far off but that he might with a little contriving get a glimpse occasionally, unbeknownst, to satisfy him "what way Himself was"; for that particular anxiety now predominated over all the rest. The shillings remaining to him would procure him potatoes for some weeks, he calculated, while, as the season advanced, he might make short excursions out into the country, and pick up jobs at the reaping and binding. In this manner he would be able to maintain himself apart, yet not completely severed from his family, until the weather waxed "entirely too seavere," when he might openly return, with possibly a bit of money in his pocket, and certainly, after an absence which could be described as "going on for six months," in a position to put a much better face on his conduct than if he had just come ignominiously bundling back before they had well got rid of him.

Up among the grassy breadths and creases of the long hill-range there was solitude as profound as it can have been ere the days of Partholanus. It was not disturbed even by sheep, since the grazier, whose for the time being were the green herbs on a thousand acres, had removed his flocks, pending a dispute with his landlord, and the pastures lay derelict. Signs, however, clearly showed that a different state of things had existed there not so very long ago. The ruined cabin wherein Murtagh established himself was one of several that still possessed skeleton

rafters, though their thatch had all been snatched away by the winds; and the sites of others were marked out by walls more or less weathered down, sunken deep in weeds. Years had not yet washed off or lichened over the black traces of household fires. But all around, the furrows where potatoes and oats had grown in streaks of rich peaty soil were covered with green sward. Their wave-like swell suggested a tide that had rolled in to submerge the inmates of this deserted hamlet; a kindlier fate, perhaps, than what had really befallen them, as they had in fact been "put out of it" to make room for sheep.

Thrust forth shelterless as wild birds'
tribe unnumbered,
That no men heed,
Since their master willed the fields
their hearthstones cumbered
His flock should feed.

But Murtagh, sitting in a corner, with no other company than a precarious furze-fed flame, did not feel "very lonesome whatever," because he knew himself to be within about an hour's quick trot of Loran's Lep, a point on the road across the moor between Barnadrum and Loughmeena, whither folk went to Mass. Loran's Lep is a sharp spur of crag jutting out from a high steep bank, and overhanging the road. A tangle of thorns, briars and bracken cover it with a shaggy thicket in which a man might lurk unseen to look down on the passers-by. Amongst these every Sunday morning came the Helys' car, which for many a year had been wont to pick up old Mrs. Gilligan at Flinny's Cross, whenever she could walk so far. And next day would be Sunday. Consequently Murtagh was looking forward to settling eyes on his mother before another sun went down—rightly into the sea. That sight would be vastly consoling and encouraging, and would set his heart at rest for a week to come.

Good care he took to be on the spot betimes, and the car did not fail to come by, but it did fail to bring what he desired. For in his mother's seat sat merely his sister-in-law, Lizzie Ahern—cock her up—"looking as if she thought there wasn't her match in three parishes, and she with as ugly an appearance on her as you'd aisy find anywhere, if she did but know it." Though he had warned himself beforehand that there was only a chance of his mother, and though, had he not hoped for something better, he would have rejoiced at a sight of Lizzie's familiar face, his bitter disappointment at first blinded him to all mitigating circumstances. When, after a while, he began to make the best of it, he admitted that *Herself* was noways very likely to come out on such a dull, soft sort of day, and that if nobody from home had been on the car he might have thought bad of it, but he well knew Lizzie wouldn't leave his mother if anything much ailed her—most likely she just had a touch of her old enemy the bone-sickness. Moreover as Corpus Christi Day very luckily fell in the middle of that week, he would not have long to wait for another opportunity of seeing the car go by, it might be with the passenger he wanted.

On the holiday morning, therefore, he came punctually to Lorcan's Lep. It was grand weather, as fine as could be, save for a few brief dashes of rain from the quick-sailing white clouds; and Murtagh's hopes had risen high. But they were toppled over by a disappointment much more serious than Sunday's had been. It was aggravated, too, very cruelly by a mocking delusion. As the car trotted into view, Murtagh caught sight of the longed-for black cloak, and said to himself with a sigh of joyful relief: "'Tis *Herself*, glory be to God"; only to see next moment that the hood, in-

stead of covering the frilled white cap on his mother's head, was drawn over the tall peak of Lizzie's fashionable bonnet, "with a bljjs big clump of pink roses stuck on the top of it."

Now this capacious heavy cloth cloak was old Mrs. Gilligan's most cherished possession. She had inherited it from her mother, after several generations' wear, and it would descend in due course to her own married daughter. Meanwhile she would as soon have thought of lending anybody the hair off her head; to do so would seem a sort of breach of trust. As Murtagh was quite aware of her feelings about the heirloom, the sight of Lizzie enveloped in its folds filled him with a dismay which coldly extinguished kindling wrath. Never, he reasoned, while she had health and strength to hinder it, would his mother have allowed Lizzie—one of the Aherns—to go trapesing off to Mass in the O'Carrolls' good hooded cloak, that he knew as well as he knew his own name. And yet if her mother-in-law had been taken very bad, Lizzie wouldn't start off and leave the crathur, he would say that for her. Hence he drew the conclusion that something still worse than any sickness must have happened, setting Lizzie free to go whither she pleased, arrayed in any garment she could lay her hands on. At that inference a billow of despair reared itself up ready to devastate his world, and he could oppose its onset only by the alternative conjecture that Lizzie and Christy, having suddenly become most base, had taken advantage of his absence to put upon his mother. In this case it might well have happened that both cloak and seat on the car had been grabbed against her will, and that she was now fretting and grieving at home, without a soul to take her part. The picture thus conjured up enjoined some prompt action, but his first panic-stricken pause had let the

car go beyond the possibility of overtaking it, so that his best course was to make as swiftly as he could for Barnadrum. Thither, then, he started immediately, in a flurry of anger and alarm. He deemed it contrary enough that his run across country, furzy, boggy, heathery, should be checked as he descended to the ford of a little mountain-stream by the call to stop and help old Judy Flynn, who had dropped her stick, and upset her basket at the stepping-stones. The delay, however, had compensations, for Judy's odds and ends comprised a newspaper packet of oatmeal, which, she told him, had just been given to her by "Herself up at your own place"; and as in answer to inquiries she reported that her benefactress "looked not too bad entirely, barring the rheumatics," Murtagh resumed his trot in a more tranquil mood.

III.

Old Mrs. Gilligan declared that she would never be the better of the turn she got when she saw him come peltin' round the house-corner, and she sitting at the door; but so to declare was, of course, merely a well-recognized convention, and in no way disguised her radiant joy. Not until its first dazzling flare had faded did any grievances emerge into view. Then it struck Murtagh that his mother had become more bent and shrunken during the weeks of his absence, and that she was wearing a very ragged old apron. Looking round the kitchen, too, he noticed sundry small alterations, which he was sure had not been made with her good will; she would never, for instance, let them hang their boots from the rafters, and now a couple of pairs dangled overhead. His guess that the cloak had been a forced loan came near the truth, for a sudden shower just at starting had caused Lizzie in an access of concern

about her flowery bonnet to snatch up the handiest wrap, ignoring a clamor of shrill remonstrance from its owner, and to hurry off in it, little recking what peril she would thus bring upon a darling scheme.

But Mrs. Gilligan did not dwell long on this outrage. Her mind was evidently preoccupied by graver troubles connected with "That One," as she now called her daughter-in-law. These were apprehensions so serious that she could allude to them only in furtive whispers, amid uneasy glances, and she did not get beyond mysterious generalities such as "There's some folks do be sayin' more than their prayers," until she had drawn him into the little inner room, where her queer box of a bed was niched across a slanting corner. She then spoke more freely. "Ah Murt, avic, it's annoyed they have me this while back. What they do be conthrivin' in their minds I dunno rightly, but up to some bad job they are, as sure as the smoke's risin' on the hearth."

"Who are?" said Murtagh.

"Ah, sure, 'tis That One puts the notions into poor Christy's head; the poor lad 'ud never be thinkin' of the like himself. But the talk they have about quiltin' out of it, and gettin' over to the States, and all manner, 'ud make your heart sick. And givin' abuse to the good little bit of land, and your poor father's dacint house, rael outrageous. And never done they are colloquin' wid Joe McSharry."

"What at all have they to say to *him*?" Murtagh said, unpleasantly surprised at the name, which he knew as belonging to one among several go-betweens, who took part in preliminary negotiations about the acquirement of land by their expansive grazier neighbor. Already the Gilligans' holding had been encroached upon by the enlargement of his borders.

"Troth that's more than I can be

tellin' you," Mrs. Gilligan replied dejectedly, "but it's the great discoorsin' entirely they do be havin'. 'Twas only last Sunday evenin' he was here the best part of an hour, and the three of them sittin' lookin' at me as if I had seven heads, till I quit out of the room, and left them to their own *secrees*. Cautious enough they were over it, whatever it was. Just the sound of McSharry's big coarse voice I could hear, and sorra a word plain out of one of them, except that he would be lookin' in again the first day he was able—and the back of me hand to him. But heart scalded I am frettin', Murt alanna, and wonderin' in me mind what might be happenin' wid you away out of it, and ne'er a sowl I could spake *raison* to. And That One able to persuade poor Christy to any villiny she might take a notion to be after; that I well know. Be the same token, the two of them should be home again now directly. The Wogans' twelve o'clock cock was after crowin' a while ago down below."

"I hear somethin' this minyit," said Murtagh.

But the steps were not Christy's and Lizzie's. It was Joe McSharry himself who presently walked into the house, "without with your leave or by your leave, as if the whole place belonged to him," commented Mrs. Gilligan's wrathful whisper. Yet when Murtagh seemed to be starting up she added: "Ah, stop where you are!" The recollection of his ridiculously premature return checked him into compliance.

Joe McSharry stumped aimlessly about the room for a minute or two, and then went suddenly to the door. "They're comin'," Mrs. Gilligan whispered again, and in fact the voices of Christy and Lizzie and their visitor rose greeting one another at a diminishing distance.

"Well, Mrs. Gilligan, ma'am, you see

I'm here before yous, and after makin' free to step inside."

"Och to be sure, Mr. McSharry, and why wouldn't you? Glad I'll be meself to step in from under the blazin' sun. Grand weather we're gettin'; thank God, but you might as well be walkin' wid a sod off the hearth on top of your head. And th'ould cloak's a surprisin' weight."

"Bedad now, McSharry, you were the wise man, that was contint, widout disthroyin' yourself this day thrampin' over the counthry to save your sowl."

"Wasn't I savin' it in shoe leather, so to spake? And yourself very like to be doin' the same, if you hadn't the wife to take you along, aye falx, and halve the road."

"Halve it the other way round, *musha moyah!*"

"Fut further I'll not set till I rest me bones a bit," said Lizzie, plumping down on the seat in the little porch; "sit you down, Mr. McSharry, there does be a cooler breath in it here than widin the house."

Murtagh, meanwhile, had stolen swiftly out of the inner room, and with gestures meant to reassure his mother, had slipped behind the high-backed settle, which occupied its summer position at right angles to the front door. The opportunity of overhearing this conversation seemed to demand seizing.

"I just only looked in for a minyit and a half passin' by," said Joe McSharry; "I'm due over at Randalstown agin two o'clock. But I want to know if you're satisfied to be disposin' of your interest in this place on Lawson's terms. I'm apt to see him over yonder. He' about goin' back to England next week."

"We are so," said Lizzie promptly, "on the understandin' that there's no delayin' in the matter. It's the price paid down, and ourselves able to be quittin' very directly, that 'ud suit us."

"And Lawson, too, belike," said McSharry, "so we're all suited."

Then both he and Lizzie looked towards Christy; but Christy held down his head, and kept silence. "What does be botherin' me," he said at last, without raising his eyes, "is Herself within there?"

"Why, has she anythin' to say to it?" said McSharry. "I understood not."

"Sorra a bit has she," said Lizzie.

"'Tis what's to become of her," said Christy. "Out of Barnadrum she won't stir, that's sartin."

"Wasn't I tellin' you," said Lizzie, "times and agin that the little house back of Nicholas Byrne's is lyin' empty since ould Peggy Hanlon died in it? His riverence says they let her have it for nothin' be raison of the roof bein' scarce worth darnin'; and what was good enough for one ould woman might do for another. She could take her own bed wid her, and maybe a few sticks of the furniture. He says she'd have a right to be gettin' relief, more betoken—"

"Is it me mother to be goin' on the rates?" Christy interrupted, starting up furiously. "I'd sooner see the pack of yous swimmin' like flies in the lake of destruction, let me tell you."

"What talk was there of any such thing, man alive?" said Lizzie, wheeling away from her own indiscretion. "Sure we can give her plinty to get along wid out of the thrife we'll have in hand, and lashins more once we're settled in New York. I only passed the remark supposin' be any odd chance she might want a thrife between our goin' and Murt comin' home to her. . . . Is it risin' objections you'd be, you omadhawn, and delayin' till the young chap lands in on the top of us and ruinate everything?" she added in a crushing aside to Christy.

Joe McSharry pricked up his ears. "Is your brother Murt apt to be mak-

in' any bones about it?" he inquired. "I thought that was all right."

"It's as right as raison," Lizzie averred. "Sure what at all could poor Murt do to annoy anybody, if he come back, and found us quit, and the roof whipped off, the way Lawson would, if he'd be said by me, as soon as we're out of it. There isn't a quieter boy in the Kingdom of Connaught than poor Murt, or a bigger fool, unless maybe Himself here. Besides, truth to say, it's my belief there's little or no likelihood of him to be showin' his face in this place agin. He'd scarce find his way if he thried; he hasn't that much wit. Stoppin' where he is he'll be, you may depind."

"Sure then we'll manage it aisy," said Joe McSharry, "so long as he isn't givin' any trouble—"

"Divil a bit will I," said Murt, suddenly thrusting his head through the kitchen doorway, "except throublin' you to be off out o' this, and lave interferin' wid other people's property." He put his hands on the back of the settle, and vaulted over it, alighting with a prance in front of the astonished three.

"May the saints have me sowl, but it's Himself," said Christy; "glory be to God, Murt, it's glad I am to set eyes on you this day." Christy spoke quite sincerely, for his spirit was indeed sorely vexed by the plot into which he had been drawn, lacking the backbone to resist it unsupported.

In the manner of Murtagh's abrupt entrance Joe McSharry had a sufficient pretext for laughing loud and long, and he did so heartily enough, caring in fact very little one way or the other about a matter from which in no case could any large gains accrue.

The only member of the party seriously disconcerted by Murtagh's reappearance was his sister-in-law, about whose ears a fabric long and craftily

elaborated had been shattered into ruin. She, nevertheless, exclaimed, with really admirable presence of mind, that "Poor Mrs. Gilligan would be frightened out of her sivin senses, the crathur, if Murt come in on her sud-dint"; and she hurried off the disastrous scene, ostensibly for the purpose of breaking the news gently to her mother-in-law. Already her active brain was busy with the possibilities of some other plan for emigrating from Barnadrum, with less spoil, no doubt, yet not altogether empty-handed.

That evening Murtagh meditatively watched the sun descend into the sea. He had a presentiment that his mother and himself would soon be left to keep house alone, a prospect which he viewed with a light and a heavy heart. His frustration, only just in time, of that domestic conspiracy, while it increased his self-reliance, had sadly

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shaken his trust in almost everybody else. Three weeks' sojourn in strange lands had, in spite of himself, relaxed his rigid orthodoxy on a point or two. The rushy corner of their field might, he thought, be drained after a fashion which he had observed on a farm "away down beyant," and which, even to his prejudiced eyes, had seemingly "some sinse and raison in it." As for his neighbors' opinion, that had lost several degrees of importance. "They may be talkin'," he reflected, "and talkin' after that agin. But sure **what I do be thinkin' in me own mind about me own business is more consequence to meself than all the talk they have among the whole of thim.**" A view of the situation which contained so many fruitful germs that it may have been well worth Murtagh's while to travel for it.

Jane Barlow.

THE CHINAMAN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is almost impossible in British Columbia to get an unbiassed opinion concerning Chinese labor. Not that **any** man or woman is without an opinion, or is indifferent to an opportunity for its expression; but every man's pocket is touched, every woman's personal comfort. It is scarcely too much to say that the daily life of every British Columbian (one must be careful not to call him a Canadian) has been changed more or less by the recent legislation of the Dominion Parliament hindering the admission of the Chinese into the Colony.

Hitherto throughout the Province the unskilled or partially skilled, or (as one might perhaps with greater truth say) the unattractive employments have been in yellow hands. Chinamen have been domestic servants, laundry-

men, agricultural laborers, market-gardeners and greengrocers, tailors, miners (often on workings abandoned by the white men), and with the exception of a few Indians all the labor in the salmon canneries is Chinese or Japanese. There are no white men or women wanting these jobs, or even willing to perform them, now that Chinese have become scarce. Therefore in so far as Chinamen have given them up, the work is left undone.

But in British Columbia, and among the fifty-two thousand people who live in Vancouver, its largest city, there are still thousands of Chinamen who follow all these callings; earning, every man among them, a living sufficient for his needs, and saving, though he earns but a pittance, money enough to take him home to China, where he hopes to die,

and where he surely will one day lie buried.

The Chinaman is but a temporary worker; he is not a colonist. In the white man's land, of Chinese parentage there are born a few children who play on the pavement in the Chinese quarter of the city, or blink at the white man from a verandah beneath the sign of a laundry or an eating-house. But they are few; the Chinaman does not take his women with him when he emigrates. His work is in the foreign land; his life is over-seas in his own country; and the permanence of him is not that of an individual, but of a stream of individuals setting from Chinese to Canadian shores.

The whole question is beset with paradoxes, and here is the first one. We constantly talk of the cost of raising our children to working estate, balancing (as it seems to us very properly) what a child costs before he can earn anything against the value of what he earns during his working years, and reckoning every man to be worth just so much as he produces over and above what he consumes. If production be used in its largest sense, the calculation seems fair enough. Certainly no nation can become rich if a too great proportion of its members are consumers and not producers.

Now all these immigrant Chinamen have been bred up to the point of workable value at the expense of their own country, not of Canada. That is precisely one of the charges made against them. It is (from one point of view) as though we should grumble at a neighbor who kept all our colts for three or four years, and then turned them over to us to work in the shafts till they were worn out. The matter is not so simple as this, of course; but that is one aspect of it.

The Chinaman, we are further told, lives too frugally; he does not consume enough in the land of his adoption.

His wages may be low or high, but always he lives on less than his employers choose or are constrained to pay him, always he sends money home to his family or to his creditors. To hear the Chinaman's enemies talk one might suppose that the value of a man lay in his expenditure rather than in his output, and that the more of other men's work we could waste or destroy for our own personal purposes the better citizens we ought to be reckoned. But the very same persons who rail at the Chinaman for spending too little, rail in the next breath, and with better reason, against our idle rich for spending too much. Illogical in any country, it is least pardonable in the new lands, where, conditions being simpler, it is so easy to see that every worker is worth more than his keep, and that his day's wage bears mostly no relation to the value of what he produces for or in the land where his work is done. All our colonies are crying aloud for immigrants; and the growing wealth of the colonies is partly due to the fact that they get their workers ready made, and we in the old lands have to make ours, which is a difficult and a costly business. This is not meant as a plea for Chinese immigration, only it is as well to remember that things are not always wrong for the reasons that they are alleged to be so.

Since all but a few Chinamen go home to die when their life's work is done, it has always been necessary to pour in a stream of fresh Chinamen to keep up the supply. One man went and another came, and to European eyes the two were so much alike that the change made little difference. It is this stream that has been cut off. A Chinaman who is in British Columbia may stay there, but once gone he may not come back unless he pays like a newcomer the head tax of £104 (\$500) that is levied on every Chinaman who lands. We should rather say that it

would be or will be levied, for it is said that it has only once been paid and then by a merchant. Whether that tale be strictly true or not, it is evident that laundry-workers and domestic servants cannot raise so large a sum, nor can they at present demand wages so high as to recoup themselves or their importers for such an outlay. The tax, if it were paid at all, would in the long run have to be paid by the employer, and Chinamen, valuable as in many ways they are, are not worth that price. The tax was meant to be, and is, prohibitive.

Even so Canada is more lax than the United States, where Chinamen have for years past been absolutely prohibited from landing, and the only yellow men who gained admission were a few who landed at Vancouver and contrived to smuggle themselves over the frontier. Canada is also much less drastic than Australia, where the federal Parliament has decided to deport the Kanakas, who are already in the country, and who for long years have worked the Queensland sugar plantations, sending them to some of the Solomon Islands, now standing empty (so it is said), on account of certain cannibal neighbors having eaten their former inhabitants. These complicated questions are troubling all the world, and all that one can do with certainty is to note the particular stage of the agitation reached in this country or that.

In British Columbia all the Chinese labor available is that which is already there, a constantly diminishing quantity. No men in the world know better than do the Chinese how to seize a personal advantage, and the Chinamen already in the field were first to see that whosoever might lose by the ordinance of the Dominion Parliament, they stood to win. Suddenly they were lifted above fear of competition. They promptly raised their rate of wages, and not content with that, they

became more independent, or, as some exasperated employers say, more impudent. There is a shortage of labor all over British Columbia, and Chinamen exhibit a strange adaptability in passing from one employment to another. This has been more remarkable since the head-tax was levied. For instance, in summer in Vancouver it is nearly impossible to get servants because they all go off to the canneries; but when the salmon have all gone down to the sea the cooks come back to their kitchens, and the households of Vancouver run smoothly again.

There are some white servants in Vancouver, though not nearly so many as are wanted; the only place where you never see them is in the same house with Chinamen. All white or all yellow is the rule in every employment, and one is told that no white man will work beside a yellow man, because he cannot compete with him and live. The real reason lies a good deal deeper than the rate of wage. Chinamen are often paid highly; as cooks, for instance, they earn easily £60 and £70 a year; a white woman earns no more. To be sure the Chinaman expects fewer holidays and gets through more work, and he can live and thrive on a little fish and rice costing but a few cents a day. But he will not live like that if he can help it. He appreciates good fare, and likes to be a cook because then he has control over the kitchen; and even for the sake of a lighter place he will seldom enter a household where there is not a good table and plenty of company. But these things are not necessary to him. His standard of comfort has been trained down for centuries as steadily as our European standard has been trained up; and it must always be a question at what point this continual rise in the standard of living must stop, or ought to stop, for a nation as a whole, or for the individual considered

separately. We seem to have decided that our own standard,—the standard of the Anglo-Saxon working-man in this present year of grace—is the lowest we ought to recognize, and that any individual or race that contrives to live below it is necessarily a blot on the landscape. Nevertheless, it is capable of argument that the Anglo-Saxon standard is a wasteful standard; that as good work could be done on less expenditure; that somewhere between China and British Columbia, say, should be our halting-place. It is capable of argument, though not of decision. It is too much a mere matter of habit and of training; it must be, moreover, carefully adjusted to the work a man has to do or can do; but the logical halting-place is where added luxury does not produce corresponding excellence in the individual or his work. More than enough nations and families have gone to ruin because they fixed their standard of living too high. Now as to the excellence of the work done in Canada by the white man with his high wages, there are none to question; but the Chinese also do excellent work. One hears it said that they are dirty, immoral, dishonest. No doubt they are—some of them; but let us remember that these Chinamen who come over to do the work that our people disdain are often the lowest of coolies, outcasts of the coast provinces. Compare them with the lowest of our people imported to a strange land with few or no women. The history of (say) our mining camps, or of our tropical colonies has not been altogether spotless as regards dishonesty, immorality, and dirt; and it is unlikely that the lowest of our people placed under conditions as unfamiliar would find as many employers to give them as good a character. A good Chinaman (and there seem to be many such) is hard-working, sober, clean, law-abiding, patient, resourceful, loyal, and very kind

to children; most surprising of all, he is capable of strong personal attachment to his employers.

Two Chinese servants will manage a large house between them, and manage it well, and will go on working for year after year, with no more than a couple of days' holiday at long intervals. One does not wish white men or women to work like that, but one cannot help suspecting that it is not their vices but their virtues (virtues which the British union man has come to regard as vices) that made the Chinamen so unpopular in many quarters.

But it is not as domestic servants that the Chinese are most needed in the new land. The employers who are really to be pitied are the farmers and fruit-growers, who took land in British Columbia in the reasonable faith that they could hire yellow labor to work it, and whose crops are now rotting in the ground or on the trees because of the sheer impossibility of garnering them single-handed. Often times the land was taken from this same Government that has shut the labor out. Meetings have been held, and petitions forwarded to Parliament praying that Chinamen may be permitted to come as domestic servants and farm-laborers only, but few even of the petitioners appear to hope for speedy relief. And if agriculturists are to get Chinese labor, why should not the canneries or the laundries? Why should not Chinamen be allowed to grow fruit and vegetables for the towns, which surely without their skill and patience would have a far worse dietary than at present? This was not a year when there was a glut of salmon at the canneries; that happens every four years, and this was not the due time; but if there had been, it was said that the fish must have been wasted for want of hands, and then tinned salmon would have risen in price. But scarce labor makes

all things increase in price, and the white man in British Columbia does not get the full benefit of his rise of wages; his wife gets even less, for she used to hire a Chinaman to do her heavy work, but now, the Chinamen's wages having risen as well as her husband's, she cannot afford it, even if she can find the Chinamen, for any Chinaman can leave his employer to-day certain of finding another to-morrow, and he is getting fastidious as to the nature of his work. Of course the same may be said of white men, and that is, no doubt, a fault on the right side, for it is better to have employers clamoring for labor than men clamoring for work and bread. Still, wages can only be exchanged for life; they are not life.

The question of color is likely to present itself under another form before long. Under recent treaties with Great
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Britain the Japanese cannot be excluded from any part of their ally's dominions. There are already many Japanese in British Columbia; they have, for instance, practically monopolized many branches of the salmon-fishing industry. Nobody appears to like Japanese servants quite so well as Chinese, but employers out West are not in a position to choose, and possibly a good many Japanese may find it worth while to come to British Columbia in the next few years. There are, however, as we all know, only forty millions of Japanese as against three hundred millions of Chinese, and the supply can hardly be as regular or as abundant. If it were, the Dominion Parliament is quite capable of taking a line of its own. And the present treaty with Japan runs for no more than ten years.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S CLIMB.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

Ever since Stanley returned from his Emin Pasha expedition the name of Ruwenzori has been a familiar one to lovers of mountains. The snows of the Mountains of the Moon had indeed been seen by modern travellers before Stanley saw them, but it was Stanley who established the position of the range and showed that the old records of Arab geographers were in this matter also true to fact. Stanley was not a climber; but his companion, Stairs, felt that a mountain seen moderately near at hand should at least be attempted, and he made a bold assault upon it, with no previous mountaineering experience and no expert guides to help. That he only reached a height of something over 10,000 feet was not to his discredit. Since that day various explorers have approached, and some have actually attempted

the ascent, with more or less persistence.

The trouble with the mountain is its secretive ways. It shrouds itself most of the time in impenetrable mist. Now and again it shows one or more of the peaks of its serrated crest in a way to puzzle observers not habituated to mountain reconnoitering. Rarely indeed is the whole range clear from base to crest, and few are they who have so beheld it. Thus there were doubts as to which was the highest point and still greater doubts and varieties of opinion as to the altitudes of the peaks. Some maintained that they were 20,000 feet high, others that the highest peak was not much above 15,000 feet.

With no books at hand to refer to I cannot attempt to make a list of the various travellers who have at different times approached the range.

The more inexperienced asserted that the climbing was of excessive difficulty and one party, of military men, if I rightly remember, roundly asserted the ascent to be impossible. When, however, photographs of the range arrived in this country experienced climbers saw evidently enough that the ascents could scarcely be difficult and that the attainment of the various peaks could be accomplished readily enough, weather and equipment permitting.

It was, in fact, as ultimately turned out, a mere question of weather. You cannot climb high unknown peaks in fog, snow, and gale. You must be able to see ahead in order to pick out your route, and in intricate unknown glaciers you must also be able to see something of your way down again. As for equipment, the Uganda railway made transport to within an easy distance of the range a simple matter. What climbers asked, therefore, of residents familiar with the region was, "What is the right time of year for an ascent? When is fine weather most frequent at high levels?" To these questions they could obtain no clear replies, and it was upon the correctness of the answer that success or failure depended.

Thus it happened that that experienced mountain traveller, Mr. D. W. Freshfield, accompanied by an able climber, Mr. A. L. Mumm, and by good Alpine guides, were sent a wild-goose chase into the recesses of Ruwenzori by false accounts of the seasons. They were told that the autumn was the time, and in the autumn they duly arrived, on their way back from the British Association meeting in South Africa. Without difficulty they reached the edge of the glaciers and obtained a momentary glimpse of the peaks, but climbing was utterly out of the question. Rains descended with little intermission; fog hung heavily on the snows. They could see nothing and

do nothing. After a fortnight's inaction they were compelled to return.

It was the Freshfield party that finally settled the fact that June is practically the only month in the year in which a first ascent could be made. They could not wait from November on for the fine weeks to come round, so they had to leave the prize for others to capture. It was under these circumstances and after these preliminaries that the Duke of the Abruzzi decided to make the ascent. The rest was a mere matter of equipment, organization, and marching. The Duke has had plenty of experience and is himself an excellent climber. As an amateur he ranks along with the best and is so recognized in the confraternity of mountaineers, who do not bow in this before names or titles. He has served a long apprenticeship in the Alps, especially in that difficult range of craggy peaks that stretches southward from the Matterhorn down the west side of the Valpelline. With Mr. Mummery, but without guides, he made the ascent of the Matterhorn by the Zmutt arête, which has seldom been climbed and is a totally different affair from the relatively easy ordinary way.

As an organizer of expeditions he had had experience in Alaska, where he made the first successful ascent of Mount St. Elias, and again in the Arctic regions in his Franz Josef Land polar expedition.

For him the Ruwenzori expedition was really a simple affair. He had command of the necessary funds and influence, he could lay his hand with certainty on the best companions, and he possessed in himself the requisite physical powers and skill. That he would succeed was not doubted for a moment. He not merely climbed the highest but all the important peaks of the range. He took with him the best mountain photographer in the world,

expert men of science, and expert surveyors. His choice of men, which was his own, seems to have been excellent. He has brought home splendid photographs, an admirable map, important scientific collections, and all the results that any expedition could have accomplished in the time. His countrymen are justly proud of him, The Academy.

and King Edward and the Royal Geographical Society rightly received him with honor. The lecture he delivered last Saturday at the Queen's Hall was interesting and was instructive. When in due course the book appears that will contain a full account of the journey it will be read nowhere with more appreciation than in this country.

GERMANY AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

A close examination will discount but will not attempt to deny the greatness of the Kaiser's victory. He was himself the supreme issue before the German electorate. The system of which he is so brilliant an exponent, the policies that have owed their initiative and prosecution to him, and the whole conception of government which he typifies, were all alike on trial; and the result of his appeal to the judgment of the nation is an endorsement not less striking and personal than Mr. Roosevelt won from his countrymen in 1904. Nor will any one in England either grudge or seek to belittle so emphatic a tribute. The Kaiser is a remarkable man and an inspiring ruler. The Hohenzollern idea has found in him a champion whose virility of mind and character, whose self-discipline, energy, and sense of duty, have for twenty unsparing years helped and guided the German Empire to greatness and success.

A national vote of confidence in such a monarch would hardly have been looked upon at any other time as more than the just recognition of personal worth. But under the peculiar circumstances of the moment it comes with far wider implications than that. It puts the stamp of popular approval not only upon the ruler but upon the Constitution he directs, and the pronouncement is all the more significant for being delivered at

a time when much had conspired to raise doubts and foster disaffection. The Kaiser's foreign policy had of late appeared more pyrotechnical than sound. A feeling had been deepening that Germany's international position, so far as it has advanced at all since Bismarck's dismissal, has done so through the mere negative accident of Russia's collapse, and so far as it has lost ground, has done so through the Kaiser's own insistence upon hasty and provocative adventure. A colonial war and some colonial scandals had deepened the distrust of a personal régime that seemed to be pursuing an Imperialist policy at vast expense and with little success. The meat famine had embittered every workingman against the selfish ascendancy of the Agrarians. The contagion of democratic unrest in Russia and Austria-Hungary had filled millions of Germans with a desire to make party government a reality by making Ministers responsible to the Reichstag instead of to the Crown. All these and many other factors joined forces in an attack upon the absolutism which the German form of Constitutional government veils but does not conceal. And the Kaiser, calling to his assistance every appeal to patriotic sentiment that his nimble electioneering mind could suggest, has wrestled with and has overthrown them all.

Or so at least the official organs in-

sist. And if one were to follow their example and fix attention exclusively on the rout of the Social Democrats, one would be obliged to admit the validity of their reasoning. The loss of at least twenty seats, or of rather more than a fourth of their Parliamentary strength, has surprised no one more than the Social Democrats themselves. Except for the check in 1887 they have never until now failed to gather fresh power from each successive election. Even as it is they have increased their votes beyond even the high-water mark of 1903, and can still claim to represent all but a third of the German electorate. Their defeat is due not to abstentions among themselves, but to the overwhelming rallying of their opponents at the Kaiser's call. If the electoral areas, which remain to-day as they were fixed at the time of the foundation of the Empire, were to be re-distributed, the Social Democrats would be the most powerful party in the House. But no statistics or consolations of this kind will avail to minimize the gravity of their setback. It is of a nature to influence profoundly not alone their policy, but the whole trend of their evolution. We are too apt to think of the Social Democrats as bound to an immutable creed and outside the scope of the laws of political change. Yet an observer cannot but note that in the last five-and-thirty years their programme and beliefs have been, and are being, steadily modified. The Social Democrats were once the party of an aggressive atheism; they are so no longer. They used to preach a bloody uprising of the masses as the only possible prelude to the dawn of the new era; they now confine themselves to the more peaceable method of Parliamentary and Constitutional agitation. A generation ago they held uncompromisingly aloof from all parties; to-day they co-operate with any body, even with the Govern-

ment, that is willing to advance a yard in their direction. They have abandoned their advocacy of the collective ownership of land and with it many of the old Marxian doctrines. At every point they have found it to their advantage to make terms with things as they are. Recruits from other parties, a realization that Marx and Engels were wrong on some points and only half right on others, and the mellowing influence of the great mass of social legislation which has been passed by the Government, have forced them, consciously or not, to throw overboard their old policy of a sanguinary *Klassenkampf*. From revolutionists they have become radicals; from Vandals and rigid theorists they have developed into practical and constructive workers in the cause of advanced social reform.

In the long run we believe this process will be hastened by their recent reverse at the polls. The natural inclination of a defeated party is to restate its faith in its most extreme form and with all the emphasis it can command. The Social Democrats, no doubt, will indulge this inclination. The mere fact that those among them who have survived belong for the most part to the ancient and orthodox school, while the moderates and opportunists in their ranks have been smitten hip and thigh, will make any other course for awhile impossible. But before long it will be realized with growing clearness that their power to influence legislation in the new Reichstag will depend more than ever on the extent to which they are willing to co-operate with other parties, and that the possibility of such co-operation will depend in its turn upon their readiness to shelve the revolutionary and anti-monarchical portions of their programme. It may therefore easily happen that the elections, by diminishing the power of the Social Democrats,

will make them more reasonable, and by making them more reasonable will also make them more formidable. Nor is this the only deduction that has to be made from the Kaiser's triumph. Though the Conservatives will come back slightly stronger than they were, it is the various parties of Liberalism and Radicalism that have profited most by the rout of the Social Democrats, and if this phenomenon portends the revival throughout the Empire of a spirit of sane progress, it may yet give the Emperor some disquieting moments. But it was not against the Social Democrats alone that he sounded the charge. To release the Government from the control of the Catholic Centre was avowedly one of the motives of the dissolution, and here the Kaiser's strategy has broken down. The Centre returns, if anything, stronger than ever and in no friendly mood; and this we imagine will prove a fact of far more real influence on the course of events than

The Outlook.

the defeat of the Social Democrats. The Chancellor to all appearances has secured his chief objective. He has guarded himself against another alliance of the Blacks and the Reds. On national and Imperial issues he may be able to rely upon the support of Conservatives, National Liberals and Radicals. On domestic questions the Conservatives, Clericals and National Liberals will suffice to give him a majority. Such is the calculation, but until the temper of the Centre can be ascertained we question the possibility of its being realized for more than a short while, and nothing has happened to alter our conviction that this delicate playing off of one party against another is a political condition as unstable as it is unhealthy. A net result of the elections is to give the Kaiser an opportunity of rising above legerdemain into statesmanship and of harmonizing the spirit of the German Government with that of the German people.

LIFE'S LITTLE DISCUSSIONS.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

Scene—Breakfast at the Fordyces.

MR. FORDYCE, MRS. FORDYCE, MISS FORDYCE, MISS MABEL FORDYCE AND MR. JOHN FORDYCE.

Mrs. Fordyce. Don't you think, dear, we ought to give a dinner-party soon?

Mr. Fordyce. No. Why?

Mrs. Fordyce. Well, we've dined out a good deal lately, and we must do something in return.

Mr. Fordyce. Can't you ask the wives to lunch when I'm not here?

Mrs. Fordyce. But they want to see you. It's just you they want to see.

Mr. Fordyce. Which of them?

Mrs. Fordyce. Well, *Mrs. Culverwell.*

Mr. Fordyce. Oh, does she? Well, I don't want to see her.

Mrs. Fordyce. I'm sure you were most agreeable to her at the *Billbys'* last week. You were laughing all the time. I watched you.

Miss Fordyce. Well, one must be polite.

Mr. John Fordyce (dubiously). Yes.

Mr. Fordyce. Look here, *Jack*, you mind your own business. You'll miss your train if you're not quick.

Mrs. Fordyce. Would the 14th suit you?

Mr. Fordyce. What for?

Mrs. Fordyce. The dinner-party, dear.

Mr. Fordyce. Oh, this wretched dinner-party! I thought it was dismissed. No, I'm sure the 14th won't suit me.

Mrs. Fordyce. Have you got an engagement for that day?

Mr. Fordyce. I think so. I'll look. Why shouldn't we go to the theatre that night?

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Oh, yes, do let's.

Miss Fordyce. Surely we have been to enough plays lately. Mother is quite right. It is more than time we gave another dinner-party. We haven't had any one here since November. Besides, the *Binsteads* will be in town then. I heard from *Nelly* yesterday.

Mr. Fordyce. The *Binsteads*! My—

Miss Fordyce. Father, hush. *Mabel*, how silly you are, laughing like that.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Well, father's quite right, they are the most awful stodgers. You know they are.

Miss Fordyce. They've always been very nice to us.

Mrs. Fordyce. There aren't kinder people in the world than the *Binsteads*.

Mr. Fordyce. All bores are kind.

Mr. John Fordyce. Well, I'm off. Goodbye all. Give me fair notice, won't you, mother, of the day the *Binsteads* are coming.

Mrs. Fordyce. Yes, dear, of course I will, and then you are sure to be free.

Mr. John Fordyce. Yes, mother, I'll make a point of being free.

Mrs. Fordyce. That's a good boy. My dear *Mabel*, what are you laughing at? You're always laughing.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. At any rate, mother, if you must have the *Binsteads*, do, please, invite *Mr. Dettmar* too, to make up for them a little.

Mrs. Fordyce. But he's so very noisy.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Well, he is amusing, anyhow, and he makes things go.

Mr. Fordyce (from his paper). By Jove, here's a rum thing. They've just performed an operation on a house-

agent at *Fellxstowe*, and what do you think they found inside him?

Mrs. Fordyce. *George*, dear, don't . . .

Miss Fordyce. Oh, father, please spare us these morbid details.

Mr. Fordyce. All right, all right.

Mrs. Fordyce. *Gwendolen*, dear, just make a list of some people to ask. There's the three *Binsteads* and *Mr. Dettmar*. I suppose we must have *Mr. Dettmar*, if *Mabel* is so set on him. Then there is *Aunt Flora*.

Mr. Fordyce. If your *Aunt Flora* comes, nothing will get me home till midnight.

Mrs. Fordyce. But, my dear . . .

Mr. Fordyce. No, I say it positively. We've done enough for your *Aunt Flora* for at least a year. Didn't she have Christmas presents from all of you?

Mrs. Fordyce. But she's so lonely, poor thing!

Mr. Fordyce. Well, so am I.

Miss Fordyce. Oh, father!

Mr. Fordyce. Yes, I am; I'm very lonely, and I hate being asked out to dinner. You don't know your *Aunt Flora*. She feels just as I do. If you want to ask any one, ask *Mrs. Adam*. She's a clever woman.

Miss Fordyce. I'm afraid that father's idea of a clever woman is a coarse woman.

Mr. Fordyce. I've never noticed her coarseness. She's a sensible, amusing person, and that's more than you can say of half the women who come here.

Mrs. Fordyce. But we must ask some of the people we have dined with—the *Billbys*, the *Carterets*, the *Piggs*. We haven't room for *Mrs. Adam* if they are to come, and if they are not to come we may as well have only the *Binsteads* and *Mr. Dettmar*.

Mr. Fordyce. Well, I give it as my last word that unless *Mrs. Adam* comes I don't.

Miss Fordyce. But she will put out the party. There is no man for her.

Mr. Fordyce. I'll take her in.

Miss Fordyce. You can't. You must take in Mrs. *Billby*.

Mr. Fordyce. Well, I can have her on the other side. I don't often interfere, but in this case I am adamant.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Oh, father, how clever!

Mrs. Fordyce. What's clever?

Miss Mabel Fordyce. To say adamant—about Mrs. *Adam*.

Mr. Fordyce. I wondered if any of you would see it. If you want a partner for Mrs. *Adam* get *Joe Surtees*.

Punch.

Miss Fordyce. Father! How can you? After that dreadful story!

Mr. Fordyce. Well, it was probably not true. He's a very unhappy, lonely man, and you would be doing a kind thing to ask him. Very good company, too, when he likes. It's a pleasure to have some one to go down to the cellar for. There's no fun in teetotallers and Haightes like your *Billbys* and *Carterets*. You may sneer at *Joe* as much as you like, but I've said my last word.

[Exit to City.]

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Spirit of the Orient" by Professor George William Knox (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is an attempt to make more clear to Western readers the essential differences between Eastern and Western character and civilization,—the Orient in this case including India, China and Japan. It is not a book of mere description, still less is it composed of the superficial and haphazard impressions of a traveller. It is the work of one who has spent years in the Far East and is capable of studying sympathetically the customs, religions and institutions of the people. The book is of modest size, written in a direct and simple style without any suggestion of philosophical profundity or rhetorical embellishment. The attractive typography and abundant illustration tempt the reader through chapters which would be easy reading, even in a less attractive dress,

It was not to be expected that Mrs. Henry de la Pasture should often repeat the success of "Peter's Mother," but she might fall several grades below that and still write novels well

above the average. Such is her latest, "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square"—a charming story of a simple-hearted young girl, summoned from the farm in Wales where relatives of her mother have cared for her, by the caprice of a rich old aunt of her father's, and left by the aunt's death the *custodienne* of the London property till the return of her twin-brother from his campaign in Somaliland. The situation gives opportunity for many quaint departures from convention on Jeanne's part, and some pleasant satire on Mrs. de la Pasture's; there is a pretty love story running through the narrative, and a quite unexpected episode introduces a delightful bit of character-drawing at the end. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It was a fortunate catholicity which led to the inclusion of American writers in Macmillans' series of English Men of Letters and a fortunate decision which prompted the selection of Professor George Edward Woodberry as the biographer of Ralph Waldo Emerson in that series. Professor Woodberry possesses the sympathy and po-

etic insight which enables him to understand and to interpret a shy, solitary nature like Emerson's, and he follows his career from his narrow boyhood in Boston and Concord and his disappointing experiences at Harvard through the religious questionings, the ethical and philosophic studies and the literary achievements of his later career, with rare skill and sense of proportion, recognizing in him from the beginning "a strangely isolated, strangely exalted soul." No book in the whole valuable series is better poised or more profoundly interesting. The Macmillan Co.

With two pretty sisters from the colonies, thrown on their own resources in an English cathedral city, a budding barrister who has met the girls in Australia during their father's lifetime, and a philanthropic young nobleman and his beautiful sister for leading actors in the play, it is obvious to the experienced reader that not even the presence in the background of a genial Admiral, uncle to the barrister, a bluff Colonial, guardian to the girls, and a kindly old maid, beaming on all, can prevent at least one blighted affection. Gambling and defalcation on the part of a trusted solicitor, with blackmail from his confidential clerk, a disgraceful dismissal from the army and a mysterious disappearance cleared up, are other properties in "The Sweetest Solace," a novel by John Randal, which, in spite of some readable chapters, does not reach the high degree of excellence that usually characterizes the fiction of E. P. Dutton & Co.

The twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth volumes of the Arthur H. Clark Company's reprints of Early Western Travels were devoted, it may be remembered, to the reproduction of

Prince Maximilian's "Travels in the Interior of North America." These travels were made in the years 1832-4, and the Prince's narrative of them was published in London, in a translation from the German, in 1843. Scientific explorers and travellers of those days did not enjoy the latter-day advantages of the camera, but Prince Maximilian was more fortunate than most in being able to persuade a Swiss artist, Charles Bodmer, to accompany him and to paint landscapes, portraits of the aborigines and other interesting objects which a modern traveller would reproduce in "snapshots." Bodmer was an artist of more than ordinary ability and his paintings attracted wide attention at the time. The Arthur H. Clark Company now reproduces them in a volume which is numbered No. 25 in the series and No. 4 in the Maximilian narrative. But the publishers depart from the form of the previous volumes, and present this as an atlas of illustrations, engraved from Bodmer's paintings and printed upon heavy plate paper, fifteen by twenty inches in size. There are 81 plates, and with them is included a large and finely-engraved map of Maximilian's route of travel. Among these extremely interesting pictures are views on the Lehigh, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri and Lake Erie; pictures of Indian chiefs and warriors of different tribes, and of Indian villages, bear hunts, religious ceremonies, dances, games and horse races; and glimpses of Niagara, the Rocky mountains, New York harbor and Boston lighthouse as Bodmer saw them, which it is interesting to compare with the scenes of to-day. The style in which this volume is presented attests the purpose of the publishers to spare no pains to give their very valuable series a worthy dress.

